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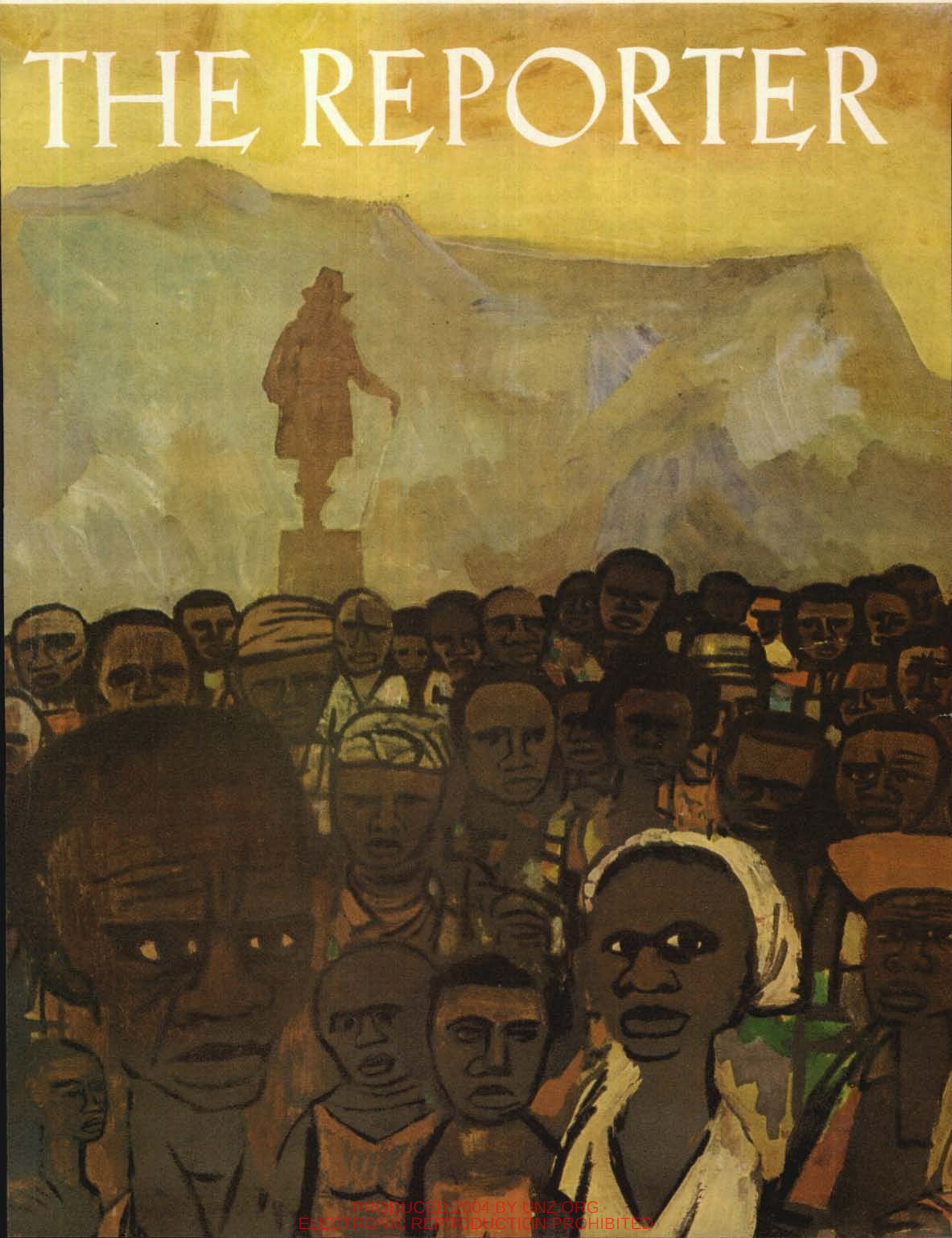
May 4, 1967 35¢

BALANCING ACT IN BOSTON

THE REPORTER



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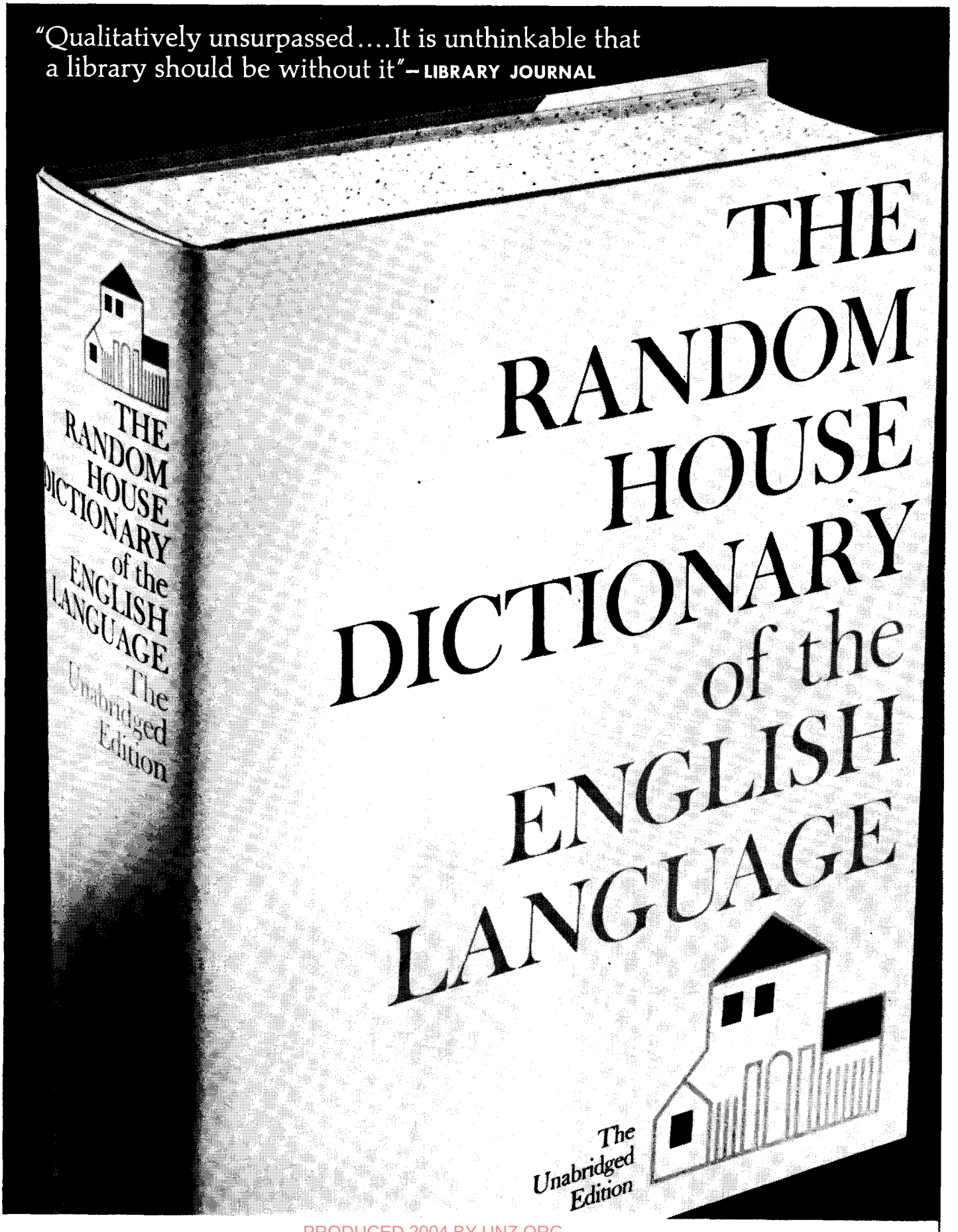
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THE REPORTER, May 4, 1967, Volume 36, No. 9. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021. © 1967 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States and U. S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, Box 501, Des Moines, Iowa 50302.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

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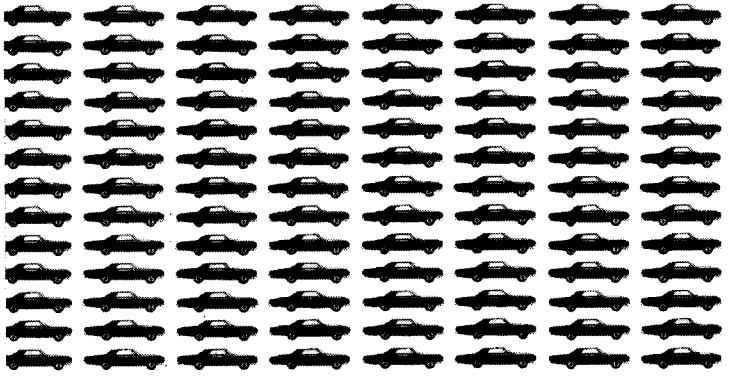

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN HIS SERIES of editorials on the major problems confronting our country, **Max Ascoli** turns to foreign affairs, a theme to be developed in forthcoming issues.

THE MASSIVE BULK of Table Mountain looming over Cape Town has long seemed, like Gibraltar, a symbol of permanence. But imperceptibly the elements erode Table Mountain, and inexorably events alter even the most rigid political régimes. Such may be the case in South Africa, where the assassination of the inflexible Dr. Verwoerd last year brought B. J. Vorster to power. In eight months the new Prime Minister has moved his country off dead center by making overtures to his black African neighbor states and even authorizing the selection of a racially mixed team to enable South Africa to participate in the 1968 Olympics. Domestically, the country presents a contrast between prosperity for the whites and oppression for the nonwhites, but, according to **Noel Mostert**, a South African-born journalist who recently revisited his homeland, there are signs that even South Africa cannot resist change. . . . Further evidence is supplied by **Anthony Delius**, a writer for the *Cape Times* of Cape Town, who describes how the South-West Africa issue in the United Nations in some ways reveals the country's growing desire to escape from world isolation.

SOME WEEKS AGO we examined the complexities and pitfalls inherent in the view that the problems of Negro education in big cities can be solved by enforcing arithmetical standards of racial balance. This approach, endorsed by the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, has been attempted in Massachusetts under the state's Racial Imbalance Act, and it hasn't worked. **Efrem Sigel**, who is now at the Harvard Graduate School of Business after having served from 1964-1966 as a Peace Corps volunteer in the Ivory Coast, describes how the Boston School Committee has fought the law. . . . **Claire Sterling's** current reporting assignment to Eastern Europe has brought her to Hungary, where she finds the promised "New Mechanism" of party leader János Kadar not so different from the controlled and highly inefficient economies of the neighboring Communist nations. . . . Campaign financing, as Senator Dodd, among others, knows, is a problem that long has needed legislative attention. But the months-long effort of Senator Russell B. Long to institute a voluntary one-dollar contribution via the Federal income-tax form is not the ideal answer. **Martin Nolan** explains why. . . . The next few weeks may see debate on a bill to prohibit doctors from profiting on the drugs and eyeglasses they prescribe. Testimony before a Senate Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee this year shows the practice to be a source of large income to many doctors. **Judith Randal** is chief medical writer for the Washington *Evening Star*. . . . **Alvin Rosenfeld**, NBC correspondent in Madrid, relates how the small dole of liberty handed out in Spain's recent reforms has, in spite of the government's attempts to reverse its position, set in motion irrepressible forces.

Meg Greenfield reports that the peculiar plight of her generation is that it has been locked irrevocably to one never-changing factor in an ever-changing world. . . . **Donald A. Allan** reviews the movie version of Joyce's *Ulysses*. . . . **Roland Gelatt**, editor of *High Fidelity*, regularly covers new recordings for *The Reporter*. . . . The Mauricio Lasansky exhibition, which **Hennig Cohen** describes in relation to two other recent New York art shows, will soon leave the Whitney Museum to be seen at the Des Moines Art Center in early summer. Mr. Cohen is editor of the *American Quarterly*, and professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **Ted Kooser**, new to our pages, is an underwriter in the risk-appraisal section of a life-insurance company in Nebraska. . . . **C. W. Griffin, Jr.**, an engineer and journalist, is a long-time observer of the urban scene. . . . **Anne Fremantle** is a critic and university teacher, and editor of a number of volumes for the New American Library. . . . **Gene Baro** is a free-lance critic and poet, and a correspondent for several art periodicals.

Our South African cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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THE PRESIDENT

To the Editor: I enjoyed reading your wry and perceptive analysis of the origins and development of the anti-Johnson cult in the United States ("That Living Anachronism," *The Reporter*, April 6). I well remember the seemingly inexplicable hatred of Franklin Roosevelt that I encountered when I was a child and FDR was my idol. I do not believe that the Johnson haters have grown to such proportions, and let us hope that they never do. Whatever happens, however, I am certain that LBJ, like FDR, will survive the test of history.

ARTHUR MATTHEWS
New York

To the Editor: I agree with your estimate that Lyndon Johnson can rely on history to properly evaluate his positive contributions to this country's development. You are in error, however, on his disinclination to establish a Presidential library. On August 9, 1965, the President accepted the offer of the University of Texas to build a Presidential Library on a fourteen-acre site in Austin. In a letter to the chairman of the university's Board of Regents, Mr. Johnson said that he had "made an effort to preserve the papers of my own public career since 1937," and promised his co-operation with the project. Last December the university announced the contract for a $10,750,000 structure to contain 100,000 square feet of space for the Johnson papers.

Our country has been extremely liberal in allowing its Presidents to take all their papers with them when they leave office. In Britain, by contrast, a commission makes the decision on what a government figure can keep and what should remain in the hands of the crown. A system of this kind might well have prevented such materials as the X-rays of President Kennedy from being locked up by his family. Perhaps it is time we considered revising our system. The collection of Presidential papers in a library for the purpose, however, is now almost a matter of course. It is not a mark of vainglory, but should indeed serve the process of history.

SID GOLDBERG
New York

When I mentioned Presidential libraries I had well in mind the ones already functioning. They have their usefulness as collections of duly catalogued source material, printed or otherwise, as is the case with all libraries. The one at the University of Texas is not designed, if I understand it correctly, to establish authentic standards of Lyndon Johnson's historiography, is not meant to take over any department of the University of Texas, and I don't see how its endowment could be the beneficiary

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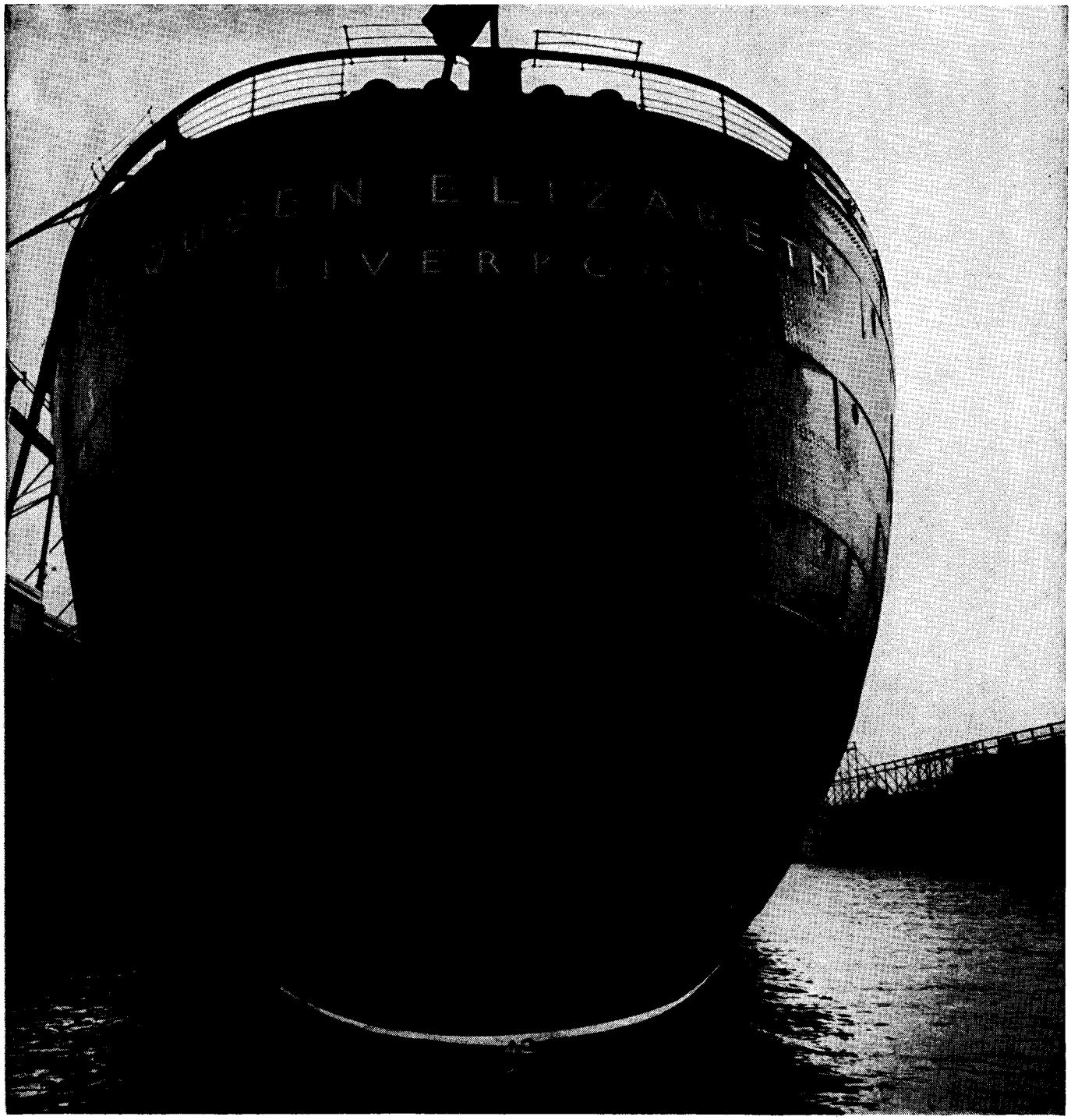

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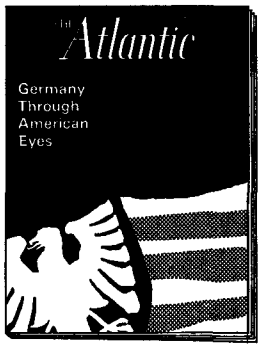

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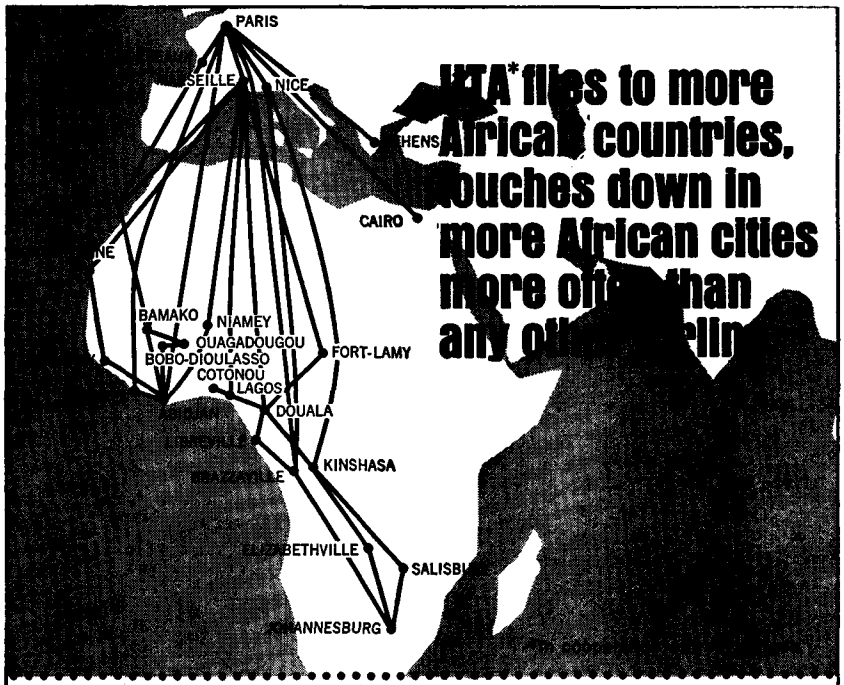

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THAT MAN REAGAN

To the Editor: Fawn Brodie ("Ronald Reagan Plays Surgeon," *The Reporter*, April 6) dropped her objectivity after the first paragraph. Governor Reagan campaigned to "clean up the mess at Berkeley" and was elected by a million-vote plurality. Thus, he began to clean up the mess as promised.

JOHN T. MCCARTY
Assistant to the President
Rockford College
Rockford, Illinois

To the Editor: Fawn Brodie's article was interesting, provocative, and well-researched.

SAM YORTY
Mayor
Los Angeles

LIMITS OF THE CIA

To the Editor: Christopher Felix's "The Unknowable CIA" (*The Reporter*, April 6) was nothing less than a cry for a mature approach by the American public to our deep involvement in world affairs. With the coming of the Second World War the American people realized we could not stay isolated from the affairs of other nations on the overt political level. Let us not court another tragedy by isolating ourselves from the covert side of world politics which, as Mr. Felix wisely points out, is so vitally interwoven with the more overt forms of international relations.

HARRY GERLA
Georgetown University
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: The tragedy is not that the sophisticated dealers in these operations here and abroad all "understand," as does your Mr. Felix, thrice employed by different U. S. intelligence agencies. It is rather that the game they play seems too often to be played for its own sake, and thus becomes self-perpetuating and unquestioned. If it now becomes an American institution—to be supported, financed, expanded, defended, and reverenced by patriots—the servant becomes the master.

A. N. FELDZAMEN
New York

To the Editor: I found Christopher Felix's article a refreshing statement of the case in favor of retaining the CIA in its present form. I well know that a government agency can overstep its bounds, but I do not believe that a nation can or ever could exist without keeping a constant watch on all elements affecting its independence, and taking all necessary steps to maintain its independence. A democracy has the right—and it is both a virtue and a vice—to play Monday-morning quarterback on the activities of its government, but to pretend that the CIA need not engage in political as well as espionage

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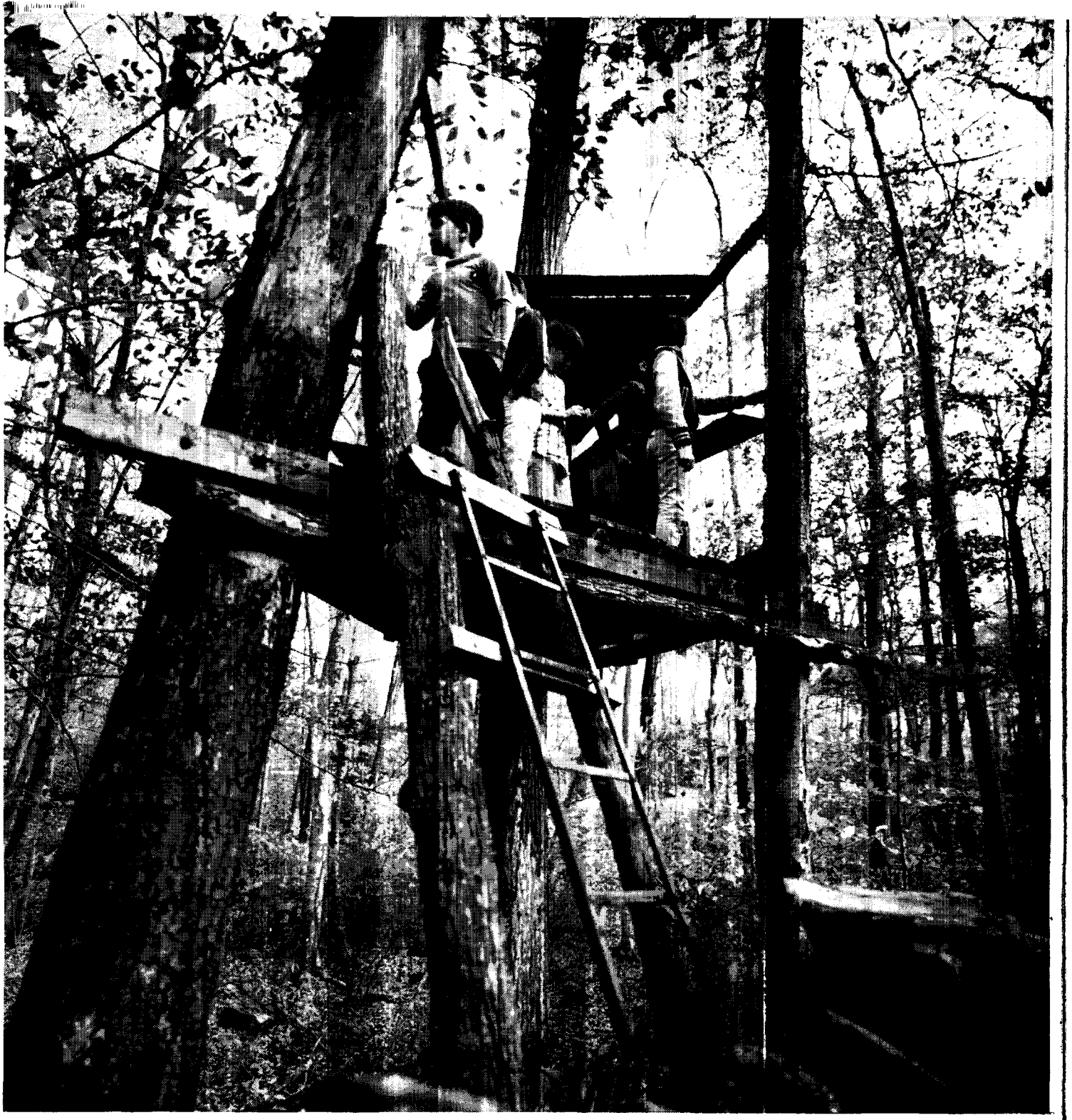

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In all, our Wire and Cable Division makes over 23,000 different kinds of wire and cable. And each fills a special need whether it's in a high-flying jet, a moon-bound space vehicle, a factory, or your home.

One of the reasons you take electricity for granted is because, at ITT, we don't.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, New York, N.Y.

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Stanford University Press

activities is a long step beyond naïveté. Given the nature of American college students, it was probably a mistake to use them as agents in the manner of more closely controlled societies, but the mistake was well within the province of the CIA.

KENNARD R. WEAVER
Elkhart, Indiana

UN-BRITISH?

To the Editor: If Sarel Eimerl ("Bundles from Britain," *The Reporter*, April 6) wants to argue for the superiority of the British film industry, as he sees it, that is his privilege. But he also asks, rather pompously, "Do I hear uninformed voices raised in protest?" Yes.

An uninformed voice might protest that of Mr. Eimerl's catalogue of Great Recent British Cinema, five films were directed by Americans: *The Spy Who Came In from The Cold* (Martin Ritt), *The Servant* (Joseph Losey), *My Fair Lady* (George Cukor), *A Man for All Seasons* (Fred Zinnemann), and *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* (shot in Canada by Irvin Kershner). He might as well have added the "pretentious abominations" of Antonioni, Truffaut, Polanski, and Kubrick, who are responsible for most of the really interesting "British" films made lately.

An uninformed voice might also protest that the four films Mr. Eimerl so admires are every bit as slick, catchpenny, and, as he puts it, "modish" as the Hollywood product.

DUPRE JONES
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Eimerl replies:

Mr. Jones is correct about *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*. I was misled by my memory of the leading players into improperly characterizing the film as British. His other examples are irrelevant. I described both *My Fair Lady* and *A Man for All Seasons* as "international spectaculars." That Mr. Jones should have been reduced to citing them strikes me as indicating that his complaint is a very slim one. As for the other two films he mentions, a Hollywood movie is not the less a Hollywood movie because it was directed by Otto Preminger. Similarly, I do not accept that *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* and *The Servant* were un-British simply because the directors were born in the United States. It seems to be quite likely that the directors concerned were, like Richard Lester, working in Britain for precisely the reasons I suggested in my article.

The reference to uninformed voices was intended as a joke. I shall be careful in future not to make jokes without adding an explanatory footnote.

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Theatre in the square.

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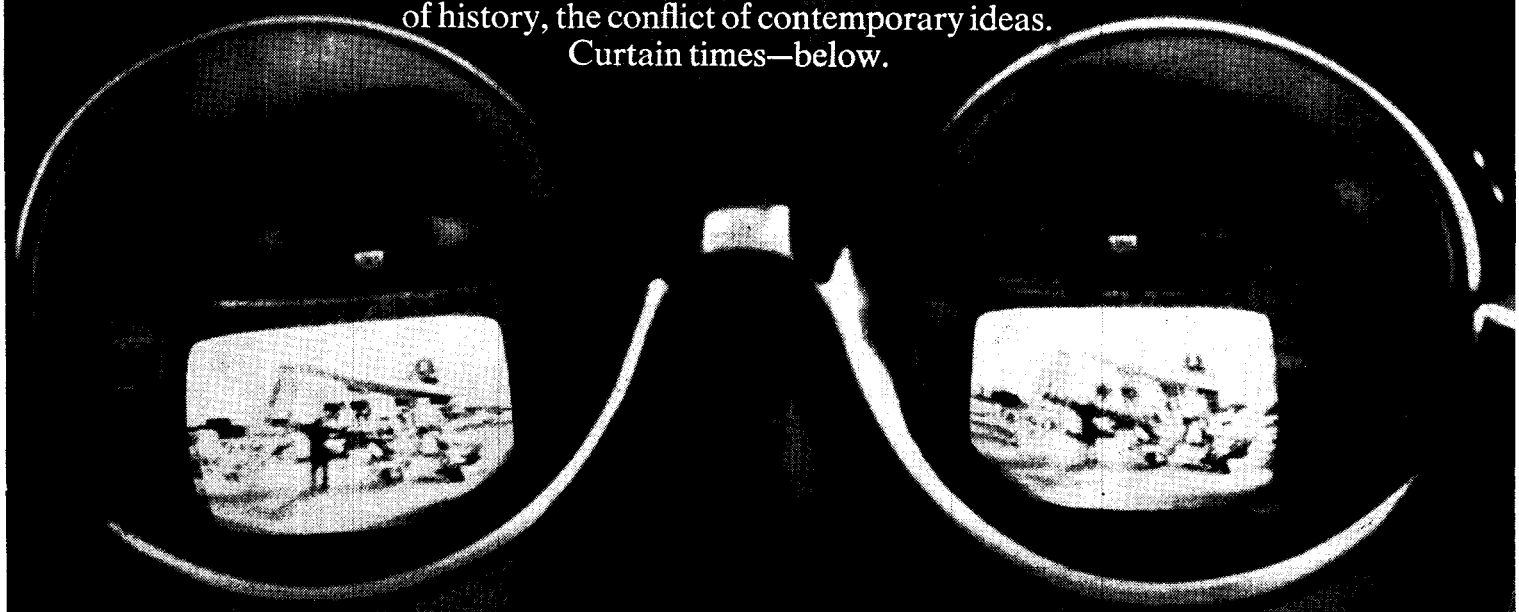

Zero Hour. Zero Mostel in a one-man show includes some "roles I wish I'd played." Monday, May 1 (10-11 pm)

The Crucible. George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst in Arthur Miller's drama of the Salem witchcraft trials. Thursday, May 4 (9-11:15 pm)

The Human Voice. ABC Stage 67: Ingrid Bergman in Jean Cocteau's one-character play. Thursday, May 4 (10-11 pm)

The Legend of Mark Twain. David Wayne in a depiction of Twain's life through his writings. Friday, May 5 (8-9 pm)

The 21st Century. Standing Room Only; The Mighty Atom; The Futurists; The Communications Explosion. Sundays, May 7, 14, 21, 28 (6-6:30 pm)

Carousel. Robert Goulet, Mary Grover and Charlie Ruggles star in Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Sunday, May 7 (9-11 pm)

The Pursuit of Pleasure. An examination of America's new "fun morality." Monday, May 8 (10-11 pm)

The Old College Try. Study of what it takes to get a higher education today. Tuesday, May 9 (10-11 pm)

The Colgate Comedy Hour. Starring Eydie Adams, Kaye Ballard, Mel Brooks, Phyllis Diller, Nanette Fabray, Bob Newhart, Carl Reiner, Nipsy Russell, Dick Shawn, Allan Sherman and Rowan and Martin. Thursday, May 11 (10-11 pm)

Boston Pops Concert for Children. Arthur Fiedler conducts Saint-Saens and Britten works. Sunday, May 14 (6:30-7:30 pm)

Jack Paar and a Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Hollywood. A satirical look at the film capital of the world. Sunday, May 14 (10-11 pm)

Summer Focus. ABC News premieres a series of hour-long documentaries on current problems, such as the draft, air pollution, drug addiction, northern ghettos. Thursday, May 18 (10-11 pm)

The 1967 National Drivers Test. An updated version of the audience-involving test. Tuesday, May 23 (10-11 pm)

The American Image. America as seen through the eyes of artists, drawing on the resources of the Whitney Museum. Friday, May 26 (10-11 pm)

Ivanov. Sir John Gielgud and Claire Bloom star in Anton Chekhov's drama. Tuesday, May 30 (9:30-11 pm)

Regularly Scheduled Programs Monday through Friday: Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Thursdays: ABC Stage 67 (Last broadcast May 11)
Summer Focus (eff. May 18)

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/Wide World of Sports/Vietnam Weekly Review

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Directions/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Catholic Hour/Issues and Answers/National Professional Soccer League Game of the Week/College Bowl/The Frank McGee Report/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Konrad Adenauer

When Konrad Adenauer was arrested in 1944 and sent to a Gestapo prison the warder asked him please not to commit suicide. Asked what prompted his suspicion, the warder replied that since Adenauer was almost seventy years old and "had nothing more to expect from life" it seemed reasonable to suppose that he would put an end to it. When he became Chancellor of the Federal Republic in 1949 at the age of seventy-three, he was already famous as "Der Alte" (the Old Man). His life span coincided almost exactly with the life span of the German nation (the Empire was five years old when Adenauer was born). From this and his long political career—he had been mayor of Cologne from 1917 to 1934 and a leader of the Catholic Center Party—he acquired an acute sense of history: he had personally experienced the travail and throes of Germany's cyclical rises and falls through Empire, Weimar Republic, and Third Reich to the shambles of 1945.

He was always conscious of the subterranean swiftness of change. "Look here," he said to me last year, "the date 1900: regarded historically, that wasn't very long ago at all. At the beginning of this century the strongest sea power in the world was England, the strongest land power in the world was Germany. Where are England and Germany today? At that time America was neither a land power nor a sea power and it did not possess a career foreign service. . . . Now America has almost the whole cornucopia of power."

For the great majority of Germans Adenauer was "the phenomenon." He was indeed a phenomenon. On the modern German scene he seemed a throwback, a historical freak. In fact, he embodied a cultural and historical continuity that was diverted by Bismarck, distorted by William II, and almost destroyed by Hitler. He was the leader of the age-old spiritual underground, "the other Germany." As such he re-emerged into political life after the war to realize his conceptual masterpiece, the Christian Democratic Union, a political organization with the broadest possible base—a catchall for the adherents of the cultural heritage of the Christian West. As such he engineered a counter-revolution against both right-wing socialism (the National Socialist Party—Nazi) and left-wing socialism (the Socialist Unity Party—Communist). It was this—his flat equation of Communism with fascism and his success in combating them as co-evils—that earned him the undying hatred of Germany's left-wing intellectuals. This and his invulnerability to any conceivable smear campaign. His arch-heckler, *Der Spiegel*, spent years trying to get something—anything—on Adenauer.

But his most distinguishing trait was his moral stature. This was so great that he stood out like a church tower intact among Germany's ruins. Certainly his complete self-assurance and towering personal authority derived from this quality. His integrity had to be taken literally: he was all of a piece throughout, complex but uncomplicated. For this reason he was widely mistaken for a simple man. Nothing could have been further from the truth. The simplicity of his language misled his critics into mistaking for weakness one of his great strengths as a politician, his ability to make even the most complicated issues intelligible to the man in the street.

SHORTLY AFTER the turn of the century, Adenauer perceived that Germany's lack of natural borders east and west was bound to render it chronically unstable as a nation-state. His answer was federalism. In 1919 he led the movement for the creation of a Rhine-Ruhr Republic that was to remain connected with the Reich but was expected to offset the power of Prussia and stabilize the East-West teeter-totter of traditional German foreign policy. It would also act as the nucleus for the eventual Federation of Europe that Adenauer—who called nationalism "the cancer of Europe"—was sure would come. For this advocacy he was denounced as a separatist.

After the Second World War Adenauer discerned that the plight of Europe would force some sort of economic integration across national boundaries, while the fear and hatred of Germany rendered any return of sovereignty to the Germans contingent upon dissolving, at least partially, German nationalism in a European Community. Adenauer's critics accused him of exploiting the national disarray and chaos to build just the kind of separatist state he had always wanted. Exploit the situation he certainly did—to combine the functions of founder of a new Germany and co-federator of a new Europe.

Adenauer did not live to see the realization of his lifelong goal—the political integration of Western Europe within an Atlantic Community. Instead he lived long enough to see the disruption of NATO, a development that was a continuing source of bitterness during the last two years of his life, particularly because it seemed to involve a retraction of what he had always considered the first necessary step in the process of European integration, namely the reconciliation of Germany with France. For Adenauer the security of Europe in our time depended on the will to resist to-

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talitarian socialism as it vacillated between its fascist and Communist guises. For Adenauer the anti-Communist crusade was the life spirit of NATO; to call off the crusade before the job of political construction was finished was to court disaster. He was sure that the policy of relaxation was premature; it was the chemistry that dissolves not only power blocs but also alliances.

In the course of a long interview last summer the Old Man fairly thundered at me: "Have you ever heard of Communists going broke? Look here, the biggest bankruptcy they ever suffered was when Khrushchev tried to cultivate the steppes for wheat. Everybody who knew anything about conditions there was certain that two harvests was all he could get out of it. And what happened then? Why, then the Canadians supplied the Russians with three million tons of wheat and the United States is busy selling them another so many million tons. The United States has become a large supplier to the Soviet Union as has the Federal Republic. And neither one of them has received the slightest political concession because of it. So Lenin was right: the capitalists will sell the rope to the hangman in preparation for their own execution."

ADENAUER's most striking personal traits were his great warmth and his absolute candor. Meeting him for the first time was like meeting an old friend one had not seen for a number of years. Meeting him repeatedly brought the conviction that he could always be reached if one really wanted to reach him. He was the most accessible politician I have known. I am certain that most of those who met and talked with Adenauer at any length on any occasion will feel a sense of personal loss. And yet for all his humanity, it was impossible to regard him as just a person. His makeup was not formed mainly by his personal experiences. He was first, last, and always the *homo politicus*, occupied and preoccupied with political issues. He was a kind of Marquis of Posa as Schiller represented him, the chevalier of the Cross—refreshing in his forthrightness, candor, and lust for life, but always with the dominant note of his absolute determination to persist in his quest. In short, he was a fighting man equipped with very strong aversions, for his enmities were the shadow side of his goals. The significance of these, as *Der Spiegel* once acknowledged, extended and portended far beyond the personal.

—GEORGE BAILEY

Caveat Emptor

After a great deal of testimony about such suspect phrases as "one-third off" and "double the value," Congress last year passed the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act. It did not act a minute too soon in our opinion. We are thinking of the plight of consumers all over the country who may still wish to read William Manchester's book *The Death of a President*, but who would like to know what they are getting for their money. To what extent has the product been adulterated? And how much of the story is being told for the first time? How much of it, for that matter, is true?

Certainly the average citizen would require Federal assistance in resolving these questions. Consider the matter of editorial additives and subtractions. In December, Gardner Cowles, the editorial chairman of *Look*, declared that *Look* had accepted changes in "approximately 1,600 out of 80,000 words." This, by our computations, would amount to one-fiftieth of the serialized text, which could thus be said to be forty-nine-fiftieths pure. We make the conversion to fractions in order to relate the claims made for the *Look* product to those made for the book. Mr. Goodwin has said that "almost a third" of the text to be printed by Harper & Row was "modified." Mr. Manchester has countered that this figure is "absurd." His own modification figure was "less than one per cent"—or one one-hundredth—and he also said that "less than one-twentieth" of the text would have been changed had he yielded to all the Kennedy family pressures rather than fight for what he calls the "integrity" of his account. Prior to the legal scrape, however, Mr. Manchester concedes he had already done some editing for personal and political reasons, which led him to cut his 1,400-page manuscript by 200 pages, or one-seventh. Thus, the text he presented to Harper & Row would have had, as we figure it, an Integrity Quotient of 85.7 per cent of which either one-third or one one-hundredth was further subjected to artificial flavoring—depending how you judge Mr. Goodwin's integrity as against that of Mr. Manchester, a vexed question in itself.

We were just trying to work out some suitable formulas from all this when Harper & Row added to our troubles. "Now Available," its full-page advertisements declared, "William Manchester's The Death of a President"—and then: "Four-fifths of this book have not hitherto appeared in print." But surely, we reasoned, if—as Gardner Cowles has said—the *Look* serialization was 80,000 words long, and if—as Mr. Manchester claims—the book is 360,000 words long, then in fact all but seven-ninths of it have already appeared in print. Nor does this figure take account of the profusion of newspaper stories that anticipated the more thrilling revelations of both the book and the magazine, many of which were too thrilling to be true and, accordingly, will be dropped from the book's second edition.

Having consulted our abacus as well as our principles, we have decided that there is a formula that satisfies the requirements of both arithmetic and fairness. We have multiplied times each other all the fractions offered up by both sides on all questions, and to the product we have added their conflicting estimates of everyone's profits after taxes, minus legal expenses. We have arrived at a figure of thirty-seven and two-fifteenths. We have no idea what the figure means, but we are certain it is sound. And until government's new regulators get themselves organized, it could serve any number of purposes, as in "Now thirty-seven and two-fifteenths per cent of it can be told for the fourteenth time." Or, along the lines of Ivory Soap, "This book is thirty-seven and two-fifteenths per cent pure." We forbear to say pure what.

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Looking Abroad

THERE IS no greater political issue in our days than the one about the nature and the limits of American power: should the Americans themselves, like many a foreigner, become so scared of its vastness as to wish for its retrenchment, or should its sustained growth be guided by aims that go well beyond national self-interest and could be truly called ethical? Certainly, the political conflict which is rending our country these days affects people all over the world. The core of this conflict lies in who shall prevail: those who, in America and abroad, are afraid of our power, or those who have militant faith in man's reason and charity.

True, from the time of the Declaration of Independence on, and most particularly since America assumed paramount responsibility in world affairs, there has never been any lack of moralism whenever this country's leaders addressed the rest of the world. A number of broad principles have been strongly patronized, each one recommended as a sure guideline to virtue. Nationalism is one of these principles, greatly helpful to countries that had to overcome the handicap of youth or infancy. Pragmatism is a sure evidence of decency, whenever practiced by successors to dogmatic rulers. The eclectic sponsoring of these and many more principles, unaccompanied by definitions of the conditioning element that can make them operative, has not contributed to our international prestige.

Nor has our prestige been heightened by Americans who have adopted North Vietnamese nationalism. Citizens by the tens of thousands keep registering their opposition to the war in Vietnam by marching according to the design of nondescript leaders through the streets of great American cities. The marchers' pictures, within a few hours, appear in newspapers and on TV screens all over the world. The politicians determined to grab power by all possible means know that the relevance of domestic events is determined not by the number of people involved but by their repercussions abroad. Then the battle for one man, one vote can be resumed.

WHAT this all means is not lost on Lyndon Johnson. Since he assumed the Presidency he has come to learn that the distinction between international and domestic politics is to be observed mainly for purposes of bookkeeping, to keep some order in the expenditures of his own energies and of the nation's resources. In fact, he is sometimes inclined to offer foreign peoples prospects already difficult to attain here at home. He has voiced once more all the absolutes, each one considered as a cure-all in itself, that his predecessors and authoritative American publicists have advocated to the point of utter triteness: like nationalism—good for everybody but de Gaulle—pragmatism, common markets, larger and more perfect unions, and the like.

President Johnson's personality is expressed by what he does at the time he chooses and by his vigor in sustaining momentous decisions. It was exactly two years ago that the Marines landed in Santo Domingo. The governments of at least five Latin-American nations—Mexico, Peru, Venezuela, Chile, and Uruguay—publicly and solemnly deplored the President's action. Now the whole thing, messy and untidy as it was, is well over, and there was no trace of any anti-Johnson resentment at Punta del Este.

The President there achieved a success of which the causes and the extent are difficult to grasp. He gave strong support to the common market idea, but did not neglect to stress the conditioning element essential for achieving any measure of success. The task, with all the work and sacrifice it involves, belongs to the Latin-Americans themselves. This country can offer assistance, but in a modest way, without any notion of a new Marshall Plan or any advice on internal reforms to countries most of which are graveyards of reform. All the Presidents in attendance, including ours, refrained from anti-Communist tirades. Too many anti-Communist declamations and resolutions have poured out at the Pan-American meetings in the recent past. The President, his exuberance restrained by the sense of the occasion, was just himself: a man, not a symbol.

IT WAS the same, in an entirely different setting, when he went to Manila. There the enemy was closer at hand, the participating nations were stirred by different degrees of belligerency and, most important of all, knew that they had to represent much larger Asian nations whose voices could not be heard. At both gatherings Lyndon Johnson testified to a fundamental fact: an American President in our days, to exert his power fully, must have large constituencies in foreign lands.

By lending his presence, by timely acting whenever action is demanded, Lyndon Johnson does what any one man can do to counteract the mischievous misconceptions about our country's power. But there are other areas of great and present peril—our relationships with Europe and with the more or less divided Communist world—that demand a thorough re-evaluation of our policies. The President has given just a hint of his concern by his attendance at the funeral of Konrad Adenauer.

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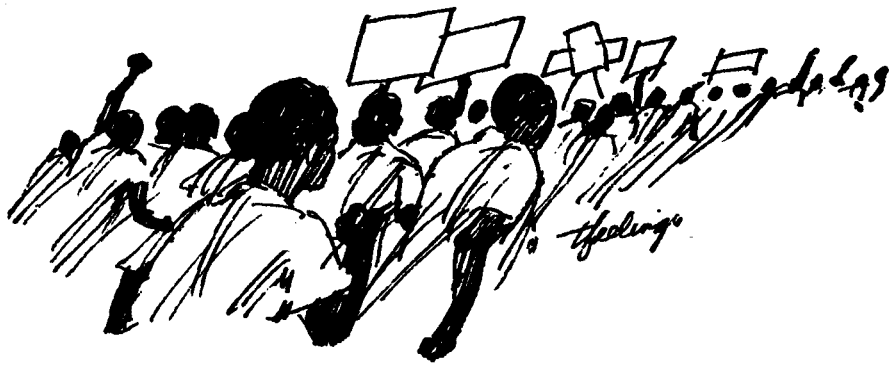

Vorster's Practical Approach

NOEL MOSTERT

CAPE TOWN

SOUTH AFRICA, after nineteen years of isolation from the rest of the world and of studied defiance of it, has initiated a sudden and dramatic change of policy. The Republic is embarking upon a major attempt to improve its world image, to make peace with independent black Africa as well as with members of the western camp antagonistic toward it.

The Nationalist government under Prime Minister B. J. Vorster, believing that this can be achieved if certain adjustments are made, has already undertaken some startling initiatives. Negro statesmen have been lavishly wined and dined by Vorster and his cabinet, feelers are out for a program of diplomatic and economic contact with black Africa to the north, and the Prime Minister has announced that the government would allow a multiracial team to represent the country next year at the Olympics, from which South Africa was excluded in 1964.

All this represents the first hint of any change whatsoever that has come from within South Africa since the Nationalists came to power in 1948, and, however fragile it might seem to a skeptical outside world, domestically the impact has been considerable. Ideas are expounded that were unthinkable eight months ago, before the assassination of Vorster's predecessor, Hendrik Verwoerd, on the floor of Parliament. South Africa is not a changed country, but the official mood is vastly different from what it was.

Strength and Confidence

The search for a modus vivendi with black Africa is the facet of South African policy to which the government is now most strenuously dedicated. To win the world's understanding, it must win Africa's. The reasoning here is that South Africa, so rich, so much more complex industrially and more technically advanced than any other country in Africa, is the one best qualified by experience to offer advice and assistance to its emerging neighbors.

There is nothing really new about this. South Africa has always been the subcontinental leader, and its educators, agriculturists, conservationists, engineers, and medical men have left a considerable mark on most of the countries beyond it. South African trade with the north was huge. But contact was diminished by the spread of independence and the hostility of the new states to apartheid—though a considerable amount of undercover economic activity persisted despite the lip service to boycotts. The total separation of white and black Africa had become an accepted fact, and no one had really looked for change on either side.

Several factors account for this Nationalist diplomatic venture, but most notably the immense confidence now felt throughout this country as its remarkable boom and prosperity continue. South Africans feel a great sense of power. The Rhodesian crisis has proved to them the ineffectuality of the United Nations, and they survey a political scene in which all opposition has been reduced to negligible proportions. They can afford to be magnanimous, to look outward and away.

Aside from Vorster's unexpected pragmatism, the most powerful direct influence has been the granting of independence to the two former British protectorates of Bechuanaland and Basutoland (now Botswana and Lesotho), which brought an unprecedented intimacy with black leaders. Both Pretoria and the new states had long since recognized the advantages of a cordial relationship, and South Africa not only gave every facility to black statesmen passing through Johannesburg to the independence celebrations—Lesotho being entirely surrounded by

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South Africa, Botswana adjacent—but also sent its own strong delegations, led by Foreign Affairs Minister Dr. Hilgard Muller.

Verwoerd had conferred with Prime Minister Leabua Jonathan of Lesotho shortly before his assassination, but Vorster went one better and gave a champagne luncheon for him in South Africa's leading hotel. Shortly after, early in February, Muller stood up in Parliament and, after a discursive review of the Republic's relations with black Africa and an enumeration of the variety of requests that had recently come from various African states (for geological surveys, the training of nurses, mining advice), expressed the hope that hostility toward South Africa would gradually disappear and that the Republic's hand of friendship would be accepted by increasing numbers of African states. It had indeed at that point already been accepted by a third state, Malawi, and Muller's statement made quick preliminary capital out of the fact that the two countries were about to sign a trade pact. This was officially done on March 13, when three Malawi cabinet ministers were handsomely received in Cape Town by their South African opposite numbers.

It was a remarkable occasion. South African nonwhites gazed in disbelief as the ministers, with white chauffeurs and white police escorts, rolled through town in their limousines to the Mount Nelson Hotel, South Africa's equivalent of Claridge's, where they were treated with pomp and deference. There was a heavy turnout of the Nationalist cabinet at the receptions in their honor, and both sides made speeches to one another, expressing good will and the hope of still better things to come. The Nationalist official newspaper *Die Burger* assured its readership that the behavior of the trio was impeccable and that the youngest of the ministers, twenty-seven-year-old Aleke Banda, Minister of Development and Planning, appeared to have a quick mind. "The three ministers . . . behaved like experienced diplomats."

Die Burger commented editorially: ". . . we are at the start of a promising breakthrough in the relations with Black Africa, to them fully as significant as to us. . . . there are other leaders in other Black states who feel attracted to similar co-operation but are held back by the tyranny of the Black caucus. It may well be that the success of South Africa's handling of her relations with Malawi will help to give them the courage of their growing conviction."

The Business of Malawi

This seems to be a distinct possibility. At present South Africa has diplomatic links only with Rhodesia and the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique and Angola. Dr. Hastings Banda, Prime Minister of Malawi, has long resisted pressure from other African states to join the continental sanctions movement against South Africa, saying that he would not jeopardize his country's economy for the sake of ideological considerations: "We trade with South Africa and make no secret of it as some countries do."

He is now believed anxious not only to receive a personal visit by Vorster but to discuss ambassadorial exchange. Carrying pragmatism to its ultimate in African terms, he is understood to be willing to appoint a white Malawian as his envoy to Pretoria.

Malawi has huge bauxite deposits, and concessions to develop these probably will go to South African capital. South African architects and designers and developers are already busy laying out and building the new Malawi capital of Lilongwe. Aleke Banda (no relation to the Prime Minister) said during a visit to South Africa: "Malawi needs money and we would welcome investment here by South African financiers. We need international hotels, housing schemes, roads, and industry. We hope that our visit will . . . persuade South African investors that Malawi is a country with a tremendous potential and with a stable government."

South African business has paved the way for diplomacy in many quarters. Much of what is happening receives little publicity, and Muller in his statement to Parliament on contacts with black Africa was careful not to mention names. But the range of these contacts now appears to be very wide. South African figures on trade with the rest of Africa make interesting reading. In 1966, exports to the rest of Africa rose £23 million to a total of £96 million. Imports rose £10.5 million to a total of £64.5 million. The Rhodesian crisis must account for a lot of this: Zambia, passing up so far as possible its traditional reliance on Rhodesia for manufactured goods, has turned increasingly to South Africa, whose exports to Zambia alone increased by twenty per cent. Big increases in sea freight rates in the past few years have helped South Africa's competitive position in the black African markets, since it now costs considerably less to ship goods from the Republic to these states than from Europe.

While Lesotho, Botswana, and Malawi are exceptional in their association with South Africa because of their economic dependence, feelers nevertheless are out all over the continent, especially in Kenya. President Jomo Kenyatta's former private secretary, George Githii, now running two Nairobi newspapers but maintaining close relations with his old boss, spent a long time in South Africa recently and held talks with several prominent government officials. Business contacts with Kenya have increased, and there are strong reports here of some flirting with the former French colonial territories that form the Afro-Malagasy Common Organization. The latter's firm anti-Communism is regarded by Pretoria as favorable common ground. South African millionaire industrialist Harry Oppenheimer's vast Anglo American Corporation already is negotiating in Mauritania to run a £30-million copper-mine project.

Foreign Affairs Minister Muller, who brings to the Nationalist cabinet a sophistication and worldliness it has generally lacked so far, is the most interesting figure to emerge recently in white South African politics. His discussion of black Africa was by far the most progressive statement so far to have come from the Nationalist cabinet. As a political writer in the *Cape Argus* noted: "There were no signs of the scornful criticism of conditions in some African states which has typified many

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Nationalist speeches on the subject in the past. Dr. Muller's statement seemed as much aimed at instructing the Nationalist back-benchers and the public in the subtleties of the approach to the new Africa policy as it was to the outside world."

A Conflict of Policies

It is now generally understood that after he took over the Prime Ministership, Vorster sat down with Muller and the other more liberal minds in his cabinet and began a thorough reappraisal of South Africa's position in the world. The concern was to reduce the general antagonism toward South Africa, particularly on such issues as South-West Africa and Rhodesia; and, more specifically, to weaken the hostility toward South Africa that so far has been one of the few areas of unanimous agreement within the Ethiopia-based Organization of African Unity.

The first public breakthrough of the new anti-isolationist policy was to have been the now-famous visit of the United States aircraft carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt*. Cape Town has a long tradition of hospitality to the navies of the world, and the U.S. sailors, accustomed to being entertained only in the honky-tonks of most ports of call, heard that a whole city was waiting to receive them. There was frustration on both sides when the U.S. ban on shore leave was announced. But thousands of Capetonians flocked to the piers and formed a vast interracial queue to get aboard the ship, where the rapport established rendered the ban even more absurd. At least 250 invitations had come from white homes, asking for two men—one white, the other black. The carrier's visit made shamefully obvious—raising a rare unanimity of scorn in the Nationalist and opposition press here—the absence of any United States policy on South Africa at all. The attempt to patch one into being quite literally as the ship was docking was the more unrealistic since no more effective rebuke to apartheid could have been offered than the integration in the U.S. armed services—a point the U.S. Information Service spends many dollars to publicize everywhere else in Africa.

During Verwoerd's time, a visit by the carrier *Independence* was canceled because of his stipulation that no Negroes were to land on South African airfields; Vorster's orders to his lower echelons were that the visit was not to be hedged by any restrictions whatsoever. The understanding was that the American Negro sailors would have moved with greater freedom than any black men have done so far in this country; if a Negro sailor entered a bar or restaurant the police had instructions to make no fuss, the entire supposition of the government being that the Negroes would have been so well taken care of by the local colored community, which had arranged a vast program of entertainment, that few of them would have come into collision with apartheid, and those few who did could well afford to be overlooked. This represented a subtlety not hitherto credited to Nationalist thinking.

In the wider field, the Africa Division of the Foreign Affairs Department has been completely reshaped under one of Muller's close aides, A.B.F. Burger, who was told that his division was being given the status of embassy to the rest of Africa, though based at home. It is possible that later, if this policy bears fruit farther afield than Malawi and Botswana, Burger will be appointed roving ambassador and provided with a special plane and staff. This idea, however, together with its twin notion of sending black South Africans north as their country's diplomats, might be ascribed to the Nationalist imagination becoming somewhat intoxicated by the modest successes the policy has had so far. While Malawi abstained and Botswana and Lesotho were absent when the U.N. voted last fall to end South Africa's mandate over South-West Africa, these three so far appear to be the only African states willing to compromise openly with the Republic.

But the South African policy caused sufficient concern in Dar es Salaam for Tanzania's government party newspaper, the *Nationalist*, to warn in March that South Africa might infiltrate the whole of the Organization of African Unity if its members did not act swiftly to prevent it. Commenting on South Africa's establishment of a foreign-affairs fund for "special services" as well as the missions to the Republic from Botswana, Lesotho, and Malawi, the *Nationalist* said: "The likelihood is that the sums are intended to buy sympathy from African countries of dubious loyalty to the cause of African liberation. The other likely object would be to align South Africa's neighbours to it, so that they may prove impervious to the surge of freedom fighters into South Africa. In an Africa so deeply indoctrinated in the philosophy of 'aid' for development, the South African tactic may succeed unless African states embark on a crash program to shield small African states from dependence on fascist aid."

On the other hand, Nelson Ottah, president of the Press Association of Nigeria, was quoted thus by the Africa News Service of the Argus Newspapers: ". . . to condemn it [Malawi] for sending a high-powered delegation to South Africa depends entirely on whether a man or a nation doing the condemning accepts that blind nationalism runs a nation better in the long run than realistic appreciation of its economic necessity."

Most South African liberals take a harsh and cynical view of the government's motives. A bitter letter in the liberal *Rand Daily Mail* of Johannesburg, slashing the opposition in the South African Parliament for being taken for a ride over South African co-operation with black African states, said: "Co-operation with the Black states of Africa also appeals to the love of gain and so Opposition elements hasten to further the establishment of an African Commonwealth in which White dictatorship in South Africa is further entrenched through economic bonds with these weak and poverty-stricken states which will henceforth be compelled to toe the line set by Pretoria. . . . And this time the instincts and prejudices of Liberals and Leftists are also utilized. For long these elements have been preaching that color is the only thing that matters, which is to say that the part is greater than the whole. There is nothing to re-

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joice over when dictators shake hands, even though one is White and the other Black."

Verwoerd's Legacy

To a visitor trying to sort things out in the baffling environment of this country and remembering how desperate hopes once were for even the suggestion of change, it seems essential to recall the postwar phases of South African politics and the nature of the man who dominated the greater part of them: Hendrik Verwoerd. Nothing is more reflective of change in South Africa than the oblivion into which he has fallen a mere eight months after his death. This assassination seems to have left no mark upon the national consciousness or touched the public imagination in the slightest—it has been mentioned only when I have brought the subject up. Even the occasional bust unveiled by Vorster, or square renamed or special minting, does nothing to revive his image. There is a marked sense of relief throughout the country, even among the Nationalists, who now recount apocryphal stories of his rigidity with them and who often privately admit how much they detested him personally. In Parliament there is a lack of tension unknown since 1948.

In those days the Nationalists had an uphill fight on their hands. Mulattoes, or Coloureds as they are known here, still had the vote. Africans had an indirect vote in the Cape Province, electing whites as their representatives. English-speaking South Africans as a whole didn't like the Nationalists on principle, because the latter were the first all-Afrikaner government and were fundamentally anti-British. There was immense resistance from the courts, from the press, and from the population generally—it is worthwhile remembering that the Nationalists in that first election and the succeeding one came to power on a minority vote.

The turmoil reached its peak in 1960 with the shootings in the African township of Sharpeville near Johannesburg, when police fired into a crowd of Africans who were demonstrating against apartheid's pass laws. There were outbreaks throughout the country, a spontaneous resurgent feeling, with resistance fires flaring from hilltops, and a spectacular march of fifty thousand Africans from their reserve outside Cape Town into the heart of the city and to the steps of Parliament. The police and security forces were caught flat-footed, and the whites locked themselves in their homes in terror. People still talk about it here the way people in the Dust Bowl recall the depression—a hideous memory whose shadow lurks. Many whites left the country, the economy sagged, the property market was dead, and South African shares stood at a ridiculous low.

But the world and South Africans themselves underestimated Verwoerd's strength and determination and fanaticism. A man of considerable intellect, he believed in apartheid unreservedly as the country's only workable solution.

Apartheid was his personal power play; he played it absolutely alone, his cabinet colleagues becoming so many political yes-men. He nailed the country down, and them as well. He could not forget the failure and fluster of the police during the crisis and he set about revising the entire internal defense, the first task being to clamp down on all nonwhite political organizations and to root out liberals of all races. Confidence returned, from without as well as from within: Verwoerd's rigorous strong-arm methods came propitiously at the same time as a wavering of international faith in black Africa as a result of the Congo episode and Nkrumah's posturings. Things in South Africa soon were not only back on course but bigger and better than ever. The Republic once more was an investor's dream; Verwoerd single-handedly had saved its traditional social structure from collapse.

It is no wonder that Verwoerd, right up to his death, was regarded by many as indispensable. And one only had to read the overseas obituaries to realize that the feeling was shared to some extent abroad, particularly by the British, who had reason to feel grateful to him for steering South Africa along a careful, cautious course of comparative neutrality in the Rhodesian crisis when most people supposed that he would stand solidly behind Ian Smith. What the British had feared most of all, however, was not material support for Rhodesia as such but the implications thereof. They were haunted by the prospect of being forced to initiate an international boycott of the Republic (their fourth largest customer and depository of some of their most substantial overseas investments), thus very probably pushing their own critical economic situation to a point of irretrievable chaos.

When Verwoerd fell, the worst was feared of Vorster, who was expected to be far more rigid in his policies than even Verwoerd had been. Not only had the late Prime Minister Jan Smuts locked him up during the war on suspicion of pro-German sympathies, but as Minister of Justice he had been the instigator and enforcer of the most repressive items of police legislation now on South Africa's books.

But the transition was simpler and smoother than anyone had supposed. The trouble with the myth of indispensability is that those who subscribe to it, however willingly, do so at a cost to their own sensibilities and expression that must manifest itself sooner or later. Many Nationalists, while agreeing eagerly enough to the smothering of all political opposition of any consequence in the country at large, nonetheless resented the total submission that Verwoerd demanded. There was at times a strange bond of sympathy between the official United Party opposition (whose political prescription these days is merely Nationalist wine slightly watered) and the Nationalist benches. As one top Nationalist has since remarked to me, "He was never completely part of us, he didn't have the country in his blood, as Vorster does." (Verwoerd was born in Holland and brought to South Africa as a child by his immigrant parents.)

Looking Inward

Vorster's greatest political strength was to offer a contrast, an advantage he quickly moved to exploit. His "approachability" soothed everybody: his office was open to callers, he himself available for the sort of small public sorties, such as theatre openings and mayoralty receptions,

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that Verwoerd disliked. Within a week of taking office he called in the editor of an English-language newspaper that has always been noted for its attacks upon Nationalism, gestured toward his desk, and said, "I think that you should know the man who sits in that chair." In this editor's case, such an interview with Verwoerd would have been undreamed of. Vorster is a politician; Verwoerd was not.

Whatever their view of Vorster's changes, I have found no one who wants a return to the way things were under Verwoerd; to that degree at least, the skeptical must subscribe to the idea of change. The obvious question, then, is whether Vorster's pragmatism will find new directions domestically as well as externally. There is no hint of it so far. The concession in athletics is, of course, mainly external. During my time here, the screws of apartheid have in fact been tightened in at least one unpleasant instance.

The iniquitous Population Registration Act—which defines who is white and who is not—is to be amended. This mainly affects the mixed bloods, who form the most pathetic and, so far as the outside world is concerned, most overlooked part of the South African community. Where previously the question of being "white" was decided by "appearance and acceptance," the proposed amendments will make "ancestry" a factor, thus exposing the borderline cases to much nastier arbitration.

For these people, the question of "passing" means the difference between a full life or relegation to an inferior status, regarded with contempt by white and black alike. For those who have managed to "pass" but who are "reclassified," it means literally the loss of everything—friends, employment, customary area of residence, schools, opportunity. There have been horrifying examples while I have been here—a family sailed for England after two of its five sons had been declared Coloured, making it illegal for them to live with the others. A white couple with a small daughter who bore throwback African features was told that the child would have to leave her school and environment, with foster African parents as the implicit answer. A professional boxer with a national reputation was classified as Coloured on the eve of a major tournament and his career was ruined.

For the nonwhite majority, therefore, changes in Nationalist foreign policy are a matter of academic interest. African and Coloured political leadership has been removed, through arrest or other form of confinement, and there is no spark of any sort of revival. In the uncertainty that followed Verwoerd's assassination there was some fear of a national plot or some form of uprising, and city streets were deserted. Under normal circumstances in an unequal society such as this, given the imbalance of the ruling and the ruled, such an incident of violence and its aftermath of confusion would suppose an opportunity for dissidents. There was not the slightest suggestion of it.

The economic boom has been the partner of the police and has siphoned off discontent. While the economic status of the nonwhites is radically incommensurate with the country's resources and development, they are nonetheless better off than their brothers anywhere else in Africa. Their per capita income is greater and, even with all the frustrations of apartheid and its job reservations, so are their commercial and industrial opportunities. The African middle class in South Africa has a sophistication that does not always make them popular when they visit the independent north; their frustration lies in the gap between where they are now and where they should be tomorrow, a gap that seems unbridgeable. For the professional and academic nonwhites, the situation is worse: they are at the bureaucratic disposal of their mental inferiors.

But the implications of the changes under Vorster are too far-reaching to ignore; their impact in the long run may well bring consequences not presently envisaged even by the authors. Or have they been? If the black man from abroad can be feted, how long before the native son? Already the question has been asked out loud, and very clearly by some black South Africans. If a mixed team is selected and goes to the Olympics and an African member wins a gold medal or two, will he be given the same distinguished reception? To many, it seems that Vorster and his cabinet have set a course from which there is no return. Already there is talk of a right-wing revolt within the Nationalist Party. Whatever they feel now, it is hard to imagine that the nonwhites will not eventually develop some response to the already perceptibly easier atmosphere in the country at large.

If Vorster and his cabinet have appraised the situation as thoroughly as they seem to have done, then they must know that if certain black leaders in the north through economic expediency now refrain from asking embarrassing questions, they may not continue to do so; they are vulnerable to pressures, and may at some point be forced to require a better ideological meeting ground. Also, any large expansion of South African trade with black Africa implies vulnerability and pressure *here*. The South African boom has bought the country time. How this is used is going to make the subcontinent a critically interesting place in the immediate future.

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The Drawn-Out Fight For South-West Africa

ANTHONY DELIUS

FROM ITS BEGINNING the United Nations has contended that South Africa should surrender its now forty-seven-year-old mandate from the defunct League of Nations and hand the erstwhile German colony of South-West Africa's 318,000 square miles and half a million people (ranging from Stone Age Bushmen to German stockbrokers) over to U.N. trusteeship. Refused U.N. permission to annex the territory in 1946, South Africa has continued to administer the mandate, which the World Court decided in 1950 was still in force. In spite of some seventy adverse U.N. resolutions and injunctions, South Africa has steadily locked the administration, legislature, and politics of South-West into its own racial segregation system. Even today it is hastening the application of its apartheid or "racial separate development" policy in the area. It is this that most affronts the other three dozen African member states of the United Nations who are leading the struggle to end the mandate.

The main cause of the present Special Session on this matter is the General Assembly Resolution 2145 of October 27, 1966. In passing this, the United Nations voted by an overwhelming majority to "terminate" the mandate and take over the administration of the territory. An Ad Hoc Committee of fourteen states, including the United States and the Soviet Union (Britain and France refused to serve on it) was appointed to present the Special Session with "practical methods" for carrying out the takeover. South Africa regards the U.N. resolution as illegal and the Ad Hoc Committee exercise as null and void. It has proclaimed its intention to fight with all the means at its disposal any attempt by the United Nations to oust it from South-West.

As was expected, the Committee of Fourteen had nothing more practical to offer the General Assembly than a fifty-page record of incompatible proposals, split three ways between western, Latin-American, and African groups. What is generally agreed is that a U.N. "administrator" or "commissioner" should be appointed and a U.N. Council for South-West Africa be set up. The United States, Canada, and Italy want the commissioner and the council to do further study on a broad basis of how best to help all the peoples of South-West. The Latin Americans want them to negotiate with South Africa to get out and take over peacefully. The Africans want the administrator and council to be set up on South-West African soil practically at once, and insist that the Security Council use the enforcement powers and machinery under Chapter 7 of the U.N. Charter to throw South Africa out. Such consensus as there is between the groups seems to propose the creation of the first U.N.-sponsored government-in-exile.

THE NUB of the whole question of "practical method" is whether any major power or combination of major powers would be willing, should the Security Council agree, to use military force or naval blockade to compel the well-armed South Africans to withdraw. The United States, while disapproving strongly of apartheid, has made it abundantly clear that it is not going to use force to settle the affair. The Russians have said that though the African proposals are splendid and the western hesitations are dastardly, they cannot go along with a U.N. presence maintained by a U.N. police force, "the very creation of which would exceed the terms of the U.N. Charter." The British and French, who disapprove of apartheid but whose trade with South Africa is considerable, regard proposals to use force as unthinkable, and would very probably veto such proposals in the Security Council.

Even if the black African nations' military resources were not slim, South Africa's forces would be more than adequate to deal with any conceivable African alliance. There has been sporadic "freedom fighter" activity in the wilder northern areas of South-West which the South African police have speedily put down. Even more daunting are the sheer logistics of bringing any adequate African force, if by some remote chance it could be gathered, to South Africa's borders or coastline. It would also need sizable financing, and neither the United Nations nor the Africans have money to spare.

For years the African states pinned their hopes on winning a clear World Court decision that the South Africans had no right in South-West. But such hopes were dashed in the middle of last year. The case was brought in 1960 by Liberia and Ethiopia, represented by Ernest A. Gross,

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a former U.S. delegate to the U.N. It challenged South Africa's right to exercise the mandate because it was applying apartheid. In a marathon hearing lasting, off and on, for about six years, the racial content of South Africa's administration was exhaustively examined. The South Africans themselves put in a strong legal team that fought every inch of the way and even produced fourteen witnesses, including several American professors and one retired American general, to testify on behalf of "separate development." It also issued an unaccepted invitation to the justices to visit Africa and see for themselves that the nonwhites of South Africa live better than Liberians, Ethiopians, or any other Africans.

Eventually the court's decision was that although "the applicants had *locus standi* to institute the actions in this case, this did not mean they had the legal interest which entitled them to judgment on the merits." The judges were seven for and seven against, and the matter was decided by the Australian judge-president of the court casting his deciding vote. The Polish judge voted for the ruling, and the American judge voted against. This decision came as a shock to many and it certainly infuriated the Africans. The matter thereupon went straight back to the pressures and stratagems of the political arena.

See No Evil

The history of political action taken by the U.N., largely at African insistence, does not hold out encouraging prospects for future measures. There have been previous plans by U.N. committees to force their way into South-West Africa without benefit of South African permission. At one stage in 1961, members of the U.N. South-West African Committee debated whether they should simply fly into the territory's bright little German-style capital, Windhoek. The South Africans mounted guard on the borders and were said to be prepared to roll gasoline drums onto the airfield. The committee decided not to venture in.

The South Africans were ready to have visits to South-West by selected persons. A U.N. Good Offices Committee consisting of representatives of the United States, Britain, and Brazil discussed South-West with the South Africans and tentatively suggested a major partitioning of the territory. The U.N. General Assembly rejected such ideas. South Africa suggested a visit by Dag Hammarskjöld and prosposed that a team of three former presidents of the General Assembly come out and see for themselves. All this came to nothing.

Finally in 1962 the South Africans invited the chairman and vice-chairman of the U.N. Special Committee on South-West Africa, Victorio D. Carpio of the Philippines and Dr. Salvador Martínez de Alva of Mexico, to visit the Republic and South-West. The visit turned out disastrously for the reputation of the United Nations in South Africa and elsewhere.

Carpio showed an amiable weakness for South African hospitality and seemed sometimes to be making favorable statements about apartheid. Both he and his vice-chairman, the more sedate and dignified Dr. Martínez, finally issued a statement saying they found no threat to world peace in South-West. The Afro-Asians were scandalized. Carpio retreated to a hospital, denied he had approved the final version of the joint statement, and complained that he had been poisoned by South African coffee, to the amusement of some observers who suggested that he had been "poisoned" by something appreciably stronger. The visit only served to strengthen the South African position.

The South African government pressed ahead with its own plans for the piecemeal granting of local self-government to various "ethnic groups" in South-West. The Odendaal Commission produced a detailed and copiously illustrated report suggesting the division of South-West into ten areas in which different groups would have their own parliaments on a one man, one vote basis. They would also be given commensurate educational, social, and agricultural development under a general $500-million plan. The South African government accepted this proposal and has now begun to execute parts of it. Within the last month it has offered a Bantustan, or autonomous homeland, to the 250,000 Ovambos, by far the largest population group in the territory. The offer came during the final meetings of the Committee of Fourteen, and was denounced by it.

It is worth noting that if Ovamboland, in the sandy upper north of the territory, became a separate and possibly independent entity, the seventy thousand whites in the remaining territory would nearly balance the total remaining nonwhite groups. A more trenchant criticism of the general "group area" plan is that if Africa were divided up into independent states on the same "ethnic basis," it would have some seven hundred nations.

But the plan for South-West Africa represents an effort by South Africa to accommodate both world opinion and what it conceives African nationalism to be. In an extension of this attempt, South Africa has lately begun to move cautiously but openly to improve its relations with the rest of Africa. Nor should this be seen as purely a maneuver. The late Hendrik Verwoerd said that South Africa was concerned to see African states maintain their independence, and the new Prime Minister, B. J. Vorster, has reaffirmed this stand with even greater emphasis. White South Africans now have no particular wish to be isolated from the rest of Africa, a sentiment that might be profitably exploited by both the Africans and the United Nations.

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Balancing Act in Boston

EFREM SIGEL

BOSTON

THE MASSACHUSETTS Racial Imbalance Act, on the books since 1965, was cited recently by the U.S. Civil Rights Commission as a model for its proposed Federal laws to promote integrated schools. The act defines racial imbalance as a situation in which "nonwhite" pupils (an antiseptic term its framers preferred to anything more explicit) constitute more than half the student body in a school. Since four out of five imbalanced schools in Massachusetts are located in Boston, it was aimed chiefly at the Boston school system and empowered the State Board of Education to cut off state funds to any local school board that did not file an acceptable plan to end imbalance. The trouble with it is that after two years it has yet to take real effect. Moreover, there is no guarantee that when it does it will do much to solve the problems of urban education.

At present twenty-four thousand of the ninety-two thousand pupils in Boston schools are Negroes—sixteen thousand of them clustered in forty-nine imbalanced schools ranging from fifty-five per cent to one hundred per cent "nonwhite." Though the percentage of Negro pupils in the Boston school system has been growing steadily, it is still nowhere near the proportion found in Philadelphia, Washington, or Chicago. For this reason supporters of mixed schools maintain that "If it can't be done in Boston it can't be done anywhere."

Until recently the Boston School Committee took the stand that "it can't be done in Boston." But after rejecting two of its equivocal plans, the State Board voted six to two on March 15 to accept the School Committee's third offering, thus releasing $6.3 million in general state aid and $15 to $20 million for Boston's long overdue school-construction program. In its long-range proposals, the plan put forward by the committee accepted in full the state's guidelines for school construction. Nine schools—six of them imbalanced—will be replaced by five larger elementary schools, so located as to draw pupils from both white and Negro neighborhoods. But the short-range provisions of the plan fall far short of what the State Board had originally sought: the prompt closing of four imbalanced schools and the relocation of at least two thousand pupils to empty seats elsewhere in the city. What the School Committee did offer was to close two predominantly Negro schools in June and to transport their six hundred pupils to balanced classrooms. Though two of its members considered this no plan at all, the board's majority agreed to accept it as a first step.

Hubbub in The Hub

On close examination the School Committee's short-range commitments did indeed add up to very little. Both the schools involved are nearly a hundred years old and were scheduled to be demolished in any case to make way for the Inner Belt Highway. Yet even these concessions had to be wrung from the committee, a majority of whose members, led by Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, have repeatedly stated their opposition to the Imbalance Act. Key sections of the final plan were approved three to two by the School Committee. One of the three, Joseph Lee, went ahead a couple of weeks later to testify for repeal of the law at legislative hearings. Only one committee member, Thomas S. Eisenstadt, speaks out in favor of the Imbalance Act.

Before the decisive vote, Mrs. Hicks read a four-page statement accusing her fellow committeemen of betraying "the mandate of the citizens" who had elected them by bowing to "unjust fiscal pressure from a non-elected and non-representative Board." The statement had the unmistakable ring of a campaign prospectus—Mrs. Hicks is expected to announce her candidacy for mayor of Boston within the next few weeks—and it contained all the themes she has hammered at since she first tangled with the NAACP as School Committee chairman in 1963. There was the ritual bow to the American creed ("full citizenship whatever be his race, color . . ."), the rousing defense of the neighborhood school ("[the] concept upon which our American Public School System was founded"), the praise of "compensatory education programs in depth," the expressed concern for the very young ("This present plan calls for small children to be bussed . . ."), and the ambiguous, always qualified allusion to the deterioration of white education resulting from the introduction of black pupils.

The significance of Mrs. Hicks's statement is its promise that, despite the committee's concessions to the State Board, the fight against the Imbalance Act is far from over, though its repeal seems unlikely. Outside Boston Mrs. Hicks has been labeled a bigot; in certain sections of the city she commands fervent support. The walls of her office at 15 Beacon Street are hung with plaques from civic associations in South Boston, the area adjoining the Negro district of Roxbury which is the stronghold of opposition to mixed schools. And Boston politicians concede that Mrs. Hicks will make a formidable candidate if she runs for mayor.

Unless they confront anti-mixed-school sentiments in Boston and elsewhere, educational planners moving their red flags across a city map are like armchair generals who have never seen the front. They have an ideal strategy—except that the enemy is in the line of march. As one long-time resident explained of South Boston: "People who don't live there fail to appreciate the brittleness and conservatism of these local communities. To the inhabitants, bussing represents neighborhood change, and people with limited resources and overextended mortgages fear this change as they

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fear nothing else." According to William G. Tobin, deputy superintendent of schools, "there'd be bloodshed in the streets of Boston" if the School Committee asked white parents to bus their children. (The act provides that the committee can only ask, it cannot compel.)

The supporters of heterogeneous schools acknowledge this problem but prefer to rest their faith in the American Dream. Thomas J. Curtin, state deputy commissioner of education, claims that "There is a vast majority of basically decent people who, when they get the message, will be fair." Paul Parks, chairman of the Education Commission of the Boston NAACP, counts on the deference of Bostonians to established authority. If the School Committee told parents to bus their children into Roxbury, he maintains, the parents would do it. This is a view shared by practically no one else, and certainly not by school officials.

SUPPORTERS of the Racial Imbalance Act have also tended to forget that racial balance was supposed to be only a means, not an end. Whatever else it may be, it is no panacea for the Boston schools. And school officials are quite right to point out that they, not the State Board, have the responsibility for running the schools, and that racial imbalance is only one of their problems.

Having determined that racially mixed schools are inherently good, the act's supporters have held the view that the sole problem was to come up with the appropriate technical formula for achieving balance. But technical formulas put forward during the first year and a half that the act was on the books met with no success. In the early months of 1966, a task force of experts from the State Education Department and the Harvard-MIT Joint Center for Urban Studies went to great lengths to draw up a range of proposals for redistricting in cooperation with school-department officials. But in its second plan the School Committee rejected *all* the task-force proposals on the ground that they did not adequately ensure the safety of the children involved. (The statute provides that in redistricting, safety must weigh equally with the reduction of imbalance.)

Whatever significance the committee's new plan has lies in its delicate juggling of technical and political approaches to racial imbalance. The technical approach showed up in the long-range provisions; discussions between state advisers and school-department officials reached "a high degree of professionalism," said Curtin, who led the state task force that came up with the plan. There are two obvious explanations for their adoption by the School Committee: first, the changes implied by the building program are still in the future and therefore less likely to arouse immediate parental anger; second, the desire for new schools is a powerful counterweight. On the short-range provisions, however, politics ruled: the School Committee refused to consider the transfer of a single white pupil, while limiting the number of Negro pupils to be transported to predominantly white schools. Such an approach practically guarantees that racial imbalance will continue.

Rapidly Standing Still

Much in vogue these days is a so-called "metropolitan solution" championed by Joseph Lee of the School Committee, Edward J. Logue, director of the Boston Redevelopment Authority, and others who say that Boston can solve its imbalance problem only if the suburbs agree to accept large numbers of Negro children. One such initiative is the Metropolitan Council for Educational Opportunities (METCO), partly funded by the Federal government; METCO busses 220 children from the central city to seven surrounding suburban school systems, and next year plans to enroll five hundred. Essentially, however, bussing to the suburbs raises the same problems as bussing within the city except that the gasoline bill is much higher; there are so many obstacles to a really worthwhile expansion that pointing a finger at the "all-white suburbs" becomes one more way for defenders of the status quo to say, "We're not the only ones."

Though every scheme helps, whether it involves grouping pupils in educational parks, closing antiquated ghetto schools, or bussing children to the suburbs, taken together the measures fall far short of the goal. All the steps outlined by the School Committee will reduce by about 1,200 the number of Negro children in imbalanced schools next year. Yet according to Charles J. Lynch, director of statistics for the School Department, the number of Negro pupils in Boston has been rising by 1,000 to 1,500 a year, while the number of white pupils has been declining by 2,500. At this rate the Boston schools will just about manage to stand still.

Tempting as it would be to blame the lack of progress on the recalcitrance and backwardness of Bostonians and their elected School Committee, this is only part of the problem. Given the most enlightened committee imaginable, the drive to balance Boston's schools would still run into difficulties. Not all critics of the Imbalance Act are bigots, and some of those who advocate racial balance do not accord it priority in every circumstance. Negroes have often come around to this point of view before whites. A nucleus of Roxbury Negro parents has become highly knowledgeable about what is going on in the schools in Boston and elsewhere. While other parents get aroused by old buildings or the threat of double sessions, those in Roxbury have gone beyond such concerns; they now talk of pupil-teacher ratios, courses in Negro history, and the latest multi-ethnic textbooks.

Partly as a result of this sophistication, partly because of frus-

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tration at white resistance to integration, and partly in response to the growing emphasis in the Negro community on self-help, some leaders are now contending that the whole issue of racial imbalance is irrelevant, or at least secondary. Instead, they are demanding remedies for what they see as the really crippling vices of the Boston schools: outdated physical plants, a lack of community voice in school programs, too few highly dedicated teachers in problem schools, and the closed-mindedness of the school department as a whole.

One of the most outspoken proponents for this point of view is Mrs. Ellen Jackson, a Roxbury housewife who serves as chairman of Operation Exodus. Exodus is a private group that busses 876 children out of overcrowded Negro schools in Roxbury to predominantly white schools in other parts of the city, registering them under Boston's open-enrollment policy.

In her office on Blue Hill Avenue, one of Roxbury's main arteries, Mrs. Jackson emphatically rejected any of the supposed benefits of racially mixed classrooms. "We're not at all interested in alleviating racial imbalance or in seeing our kids sit next to white kids," she asserted. Mrs. Jackson maintained that the sole motivation for bussing is the existence of intolerable conditions in a number of Roxbury schools; its aim is "getting a quality education for our kids."

The unsatisfactory condition of many schools in Roxbury is one point on which nearly everyone agrees. Of the thirty-five most heavily Negro schools in Boston, twenty-seven were built before 1914. Most of these had been recommended for replacement by a special Harvard report to the School Committee in 1962, as well as by successive reports of Boston superintendents. But until the city filed an acceptable imbalance plan it could receive no state funds for construction. Ordinarily the state would pay forty per cent of the cost of a new school; under the Imbalance Act, the state will pay sixty-five per cent if the school contributes to reducing imbalance.

For the ghetto schools themselves, some community leaders are demanding programs that amount to a tacit repudiation of the philosophy of the Imbalance Act. Such things as Negro teachers and administrators for these schools, a community voice in running them, and special Negro history courses for Negro children obviously aim at goals very different from the ideal of "preparing children for a multiracial society." At the mention of this ideal, Mrs. Jackson threw up her hands in disgust; she and others have given up trying to reconcile the noble intentions of the Imbalance Act with the not-so-noble ac-

tions of the Boston citizenry. "The job of the schools," she asserted, "should be to teach kids about their ethnic background. They should teach you about the community in which you are going to live maybe for the rest of your life."

As a reaction to events this view is understandable, but as a basis for policy, educators say, it is highly questionable. Whether it goes by the name of neighborhood school or community school or something else, the purely local school serving local ends remains a parochial survival in American education. The concept can sometimes be used to initiate change, but it nearly always winds up by making further change very difficult.

Cloudy Hindsight

If the frustrating and inconclusive drive for balance in Boston has soured some Negro leaders on working with the system, it has had an opposite effect on professional educators. The most salutary effect of the entire controversy has been to draw the attention of university schools of education to urban problems. For a long time the local universities neglected Boston. Harvard sent its teaching interns to Exeter or Newton, rather than into the central city. Now the schools of education at Boston University, Boston College, and Harvard are engaged in a broad range of activities, from planning experimental elementary schools to running in-service training programs for Boston teachers. Much of the experimentation is co-ordinated by the U.S. Office of Education's Program Operations Division, created in 1965 and funded under Titles I and III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act.

Even the creation of the POD—and the selection of an outsider to direct it—was considered important in a system long known for its inbreeding. Still, resistance to innovation from any quarter remains stiff. In his statement of policy for 1967, School Committee Chairman John J. McDonough dwelt on the need for change and the importance of confronting critics. Significantly, the immediate reaction from Committeeman Lee was to assert that it was the school department that had always favored change, and the critics who had opposed it. If this is the School Committee's interpretation of the past, there is reason to be apprehensive about the future.

Those who know the system well argue that the real test of the School Committee will not be how many Roxbury schools it finally closes, but the kind of incentives it offers for change in the schools that stay open, in Roxbury and in the rest of the city. In this respect the results of the imbalance fight are tentative and contradictory. The controversy has hardened lines, but it has also opened the school department to important pressures. Parents, university experts, and the State Education Department have all taken their toll. Summing up recently the attitude of the Boston School Committee to the issues that had been raised, Paul Parks of the NAACP said, "They're aware. Every time we scream now they know they have to react. For the present they're still reacting, but eventually we may get them to the point where they're going to lead." To some observers even this assessment would be too hopeful, or at least premature. All that seems certain now is that the Boston school system will never be quite the same.

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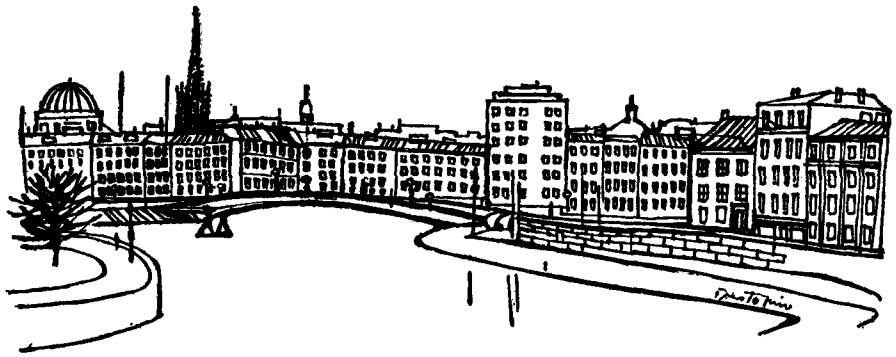

Hungary: The Mechanism And the Marionettes

CLAIRE STERLING

BUDAPEST

PEOPLE often tell you here that in the decade since Hungary and Poland revolted against the Stalinist order, Poland has been losing the revolution it won whereas Hungary has been winning the revolution it lost. One might wonder how much of a victory János Kadar's present Communist régime would have seemed to those who died for a popular democracy in 1956. Nevertheless, the Hungarians are certainly freer than the Poles are today, and comparably better off than they were in the days they speak of simply as "before."

There are really two "befores" in the minds of older Hungarians: before the 1956 revolt, and before Communism was imposed on them by Soviet occupation troops a decade earlier. By now, however, that distant past has become almost meaningless as a measure of comparison. Whoever may once have dreamed of going back to it stopped dreaming when Red Army tanks rolled into Budapest to crush the 1956 uprising. They realize that they are stuck with the Communist system, and their only hope since then has been to alleviate it.

It was hardly a hope at first. Hungary was in ruins when the uprising ended, and the Communist chosen by Moscow to run it was so thoroughly damned as a traitor in the eyes of his countrymen that they could only expect the worst of him. That is more or less what they got until the 1960's. Bound to reassert his party's authority and hard pressed by the Russians, Kadar not only condoned Russia's execution of Imre Nagy and Pál Maléter, the revolution's heroes, but sentenced two thousand Hungarians to death and fifty thousand others to concentration camps. The workers' councils, which had sprung up during the revolt as a genuine expression of popular will, were suppressed and their leaders persecuted. The peasantry, still holding out against collectivization, was at last forcibly and totally collectivized. The economy was left to drift while the party's forces were reorganized. If life had been even bleaker under Mátyás Rákosi's Stalinist régime, it had at least not been embittered by memories of a revolution that promised so much and failed so tragically.

THE MEMORIES REMAIN, but the bitterness has receded. Many of the people I have met in Budapest are veterans of the revolution, all at liberty now and nearly all living comfortably. They do not despise Kadar any more. In fact, many would be sorry to see him go. The man who had stood at Nagy's side during the revolution and then betrayed him has done his best to make amends.

The prisons have long since been emptied in Hungary, and former detainees have been given employment and passports. The secret police, recruited by Rákosi from the prewar Nazi movement and brutalized *Lumpenproletariat*, has been reformed. Nearly 150,000 Hungarians visited the West this past year, and western books and films blanket the country. About 300,000 artisans are permitted to work privately, and peasants are getting insecticides and garden tractors from the state for their single-acre private plots—an unprecedented privilege in Eastern Europe. Non-party members hold top managerial posts and nearly half the seats in Parliament. Intellectuals enjoy more freedom here than anywhere in Eastern Europe except Czechoslovakia, and irreverent Budapest is making the most of it. "What is the difference between capitalism and socialism?" asks a cabaret wit. "Capitalism is the exploitation of man by man, and socialism is the opposite." "How do we feel about testing the new Danube bridge by sending Russian tanks across it? If the bridge holds up, fine; if it doesn't, fine." "Why don't Hungarian workers work harder? Because the elite never works in Hungary."

All this is part of a pact that Kadar made, or tried to make, with his defeated nation when he announced in 1961 that the government would no longer hold an entire population suspect and would assume thenceforth that "Whoever is not against us is with us." The formula, if less than ideal, has provided Hungarians with what one writer calls a movable political frontier. "We don't expect to get away with actual acts of opposition to the régime," he says, "and we don't find it expedient to call party leaders pigs in public, either. But within these limits, we keep probing to see how far we can go. When we go too far, we are called in for interrogation or fired. Usually our successors take up where we leave off, and we get another job. Each time we push the frontier out another inch, and so it goes."

In 1956, perhaps, the same writer might have scorned such a compromise. More realistic now, he looks on it as not a bad bargain. Yet it is a one-sided bargain. For, as an authoritative analyst observes, the Hungarians have accepted Kadar's concessions as their due and

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even accord him a grudging toleration, but they will not work for him. The First Secretary has gotten next to nowhere in his efforts to establish communication between party and people, or to instill a sense of national purpose among them. The average Hungarian is entirely engrossed with the acquisition of a refrigerator or washing machine, a car or country cottage, or the good clothes making a furtive appearance in privately owned shops on Budapest's side streets; and he is extremely envious of his Austrian neighbors, whose glittering Viennese shop windows are a stunning contrast to those in his own capital, once called the Paris of Central Europe. But he shows no concern about how the régime might produce these things for him. Pilfering of parts and supplies is a national occupation these days, with the stolen goods frequently resold to the factories by the pilferers. Moonlighting is so widespread that a good part of the labor force shows up half asleep in the morning. On the job, the workers' indifference to the quality and quantity of what they produce has become a standing joke. They do not bother to go out on strike, the explanation runs, because it would make so little difference.

Ironing Out the Bugs

With this moral deterioration added to all the other ills endemic to Communist states, the economy has been running into the ground. The annual growth rate has dropped from eight per cent to around three per cent, and the defective goods that could formerly be dumped on a captive home market or unexacting socialist customers abroad are piling up in warehouses. Except for Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia —the latter altogether atypical—no other socialist régime in Eastern Europe has gone into the problem so searchingly, or undertaken to overhaul the economic structure with such thorough commitment. Hungary's New Economic Mechanism has been brooded and worked over for two years, and expounded so incessantly to a skeptical public that Hungarians refer to it as "the daily prayer." For all the articles, broadcasts, seminars, and sermons, however, nobody is quite sure how the Mechanism will work when it goes into effect next January. "Let me try to explain it," an economics professor is said to have told a worker who came to him for clarification. "Oh, I can explain it all right," was the reply. "My trouble is that I can't understand it."

The confusion is caused partly by the complexity of the reform itself and partly by the government's tendency to fudge on delicate matters of policy. Having set out to revive the economy by introducing some elements of flexibility, managerial freedom, and incentive, it has found that almost every move in that direction unravels another thread in the fabric of party rule. "Up to now," says Professor Imre Vajda, a leading economic adviser to Kadar, "centralized planning has been for us like fate in Greek tragedies. It is implacable; it is impersonal; it *is*. Lately, we have come to realize that the appearance of the individual in Greek tragedies always begins animation, and this is what we are trying to achieve. But we cannot do it without decentralizing the powers of decision making, which eventually means democratizing the whole society. A constantly expanding mental liberty, after all, is a basic necessity of modern industrial development. So the social and political consequences of our reform may be much bigger than the economic, because the one cannot be carried out without parallel progress in the other."

Only too well aware of that, party bureaucrats have reined in where theoreticians might have liked to take a bigger jump. In the end, they have given up few of their prerogatives. The change will be mostly in their subtler methods, and in the Hungarians' customary ways of cheating the state.

THEORETICALLY, the New Economic Mechanism should make fundamental alterations. In the past, the economy had been run from top to bottom by government decree. From 1968 on, governmental intervention will be confined mostly to manipulation through taxes and credits. Factory managers will be entitled, indeed ordered, to make their own decisions on investment and production. They will no longer receive state subsidies, which had kept down consumer prices but encouraged monumental inefficiency. Neither, presumably, will they buy and sell at artificial prices, abnormally high or low. Nor will they be given rigid production targets generally obliging them to turn out a stream of unsalable goods. Their survival will depend on how much they can produce above a minimum quota and sell at a profit. The profits will have to be high enough to cover a five per cent tax on gross fixed and working capital. The rest will be divided between incentive wage premiums, a graduated corporate tax, and funds for self-financed expansion; and if profits are sufficiently promising, the expansion can be financed by five per cent bank loans as well.

For some long-suffering victims of centralized planning, the New Mechanism looks almost too good to be true. "Once," I was told by the director of the Kobanyai Textile Factory, now operating as a pilot project, "I had to keep on a fixed number of workers whether I needed them or not, and pay them all the same wages. When I met my production target it was raised, and when I met that it was raised again. If I wanted a new machine, I would propose and the ministry would reflect. If I asked for a $5,000 Belgian loom that I could amortize in a year, I would get a $500 Chinese loom useless for anything but army and hospital sheeting. If I wanted to launch a new design, the ministry would say "Yes" or "No" in two years. Now I can get the design rolling in two weeks. I can automate and lay off redundant workers, and pay more to attract the most skilled. I can order my own machinery with hard currency, and even go abroad to find my own customers. By next year I'll just be a taxpayer, and what I do with profits after taxes will be my business. Naturally, I'll be responsible. But I like being responsible."

Repricing Prices

Lest Hungarians like responsibility too much, however, the régime has taken several precautions. Centralized planning will not be abandoned by any means. At least a quarter of industrial and agricultural invest-

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ment will still be state-controlled and the remainder determined, through bank credits, according to governmental priorities. Raw materials and supplies will continue to be channeled through state boards. Subsidies will be retained where the state considers them essential. Above all, prices will still be artificially rigged, with only about a third of them in the consumer sector, mostly for luxury goods, left entirely to the free play of the market.

Ideologically, an economist here concedes, the New Mechanism in this form is "neither a socialist horse nor a capitalist donkey, but a mule." The mule might kick, especially when it comes to revising prices. Hungary's present classically Communist pricing system bears no relation to cost or demand. If the profit incentive is to mean anything in the Mechanism, that unworldly economic approach will have to go. Profits cannot very well be calculated without calculating costs beforehand, and cannot be made at all if sales prices are either too low or beyond the consumer's reach. But no Communist state could stand the sudden shock of realistic prices. Were rents alone to be adjusted on that basis here, they would go up five hundred per cent—and this in a country with an acute housing shortage.

Accordingly, the Mechanism provides warily for three kinds of prices: fixed, for raw materials and basic consumer goods; variable, with floors and ceilings, for other consumer goods, including perishable foods; and free, mostly for new machines and luxury items. Nearly all prices in the first two categories will be changed eventually, mainly downward for raw materials and upward for consumers. The pattern is evident in this year's preliminary changes, requiring city dwellers to pay thirteen to nineteen per cent more for dairy products, thirty to fifty per cent more for meat, and one hundred per cent more for carfare. There will be worse to come.

The fact that consumers are going to be hit hard for quite a while seems self-defeating. For the moment, however, the régime is not interested in improving living standards. On the contrary, it is trying to dissuade Hungarians from buying too much of what might otherwise be sold abroad, or from satisfying their craving for imported goods. That, in effect, is why meat prices have doubled and the cheapest car on the market sells for 46,000 forints ($1,860)—more than twice the average worker's annual wage.

The purpose is to regain the nation's economic health, which has been failing ever since the Communists came to power. By now, party leaders have renounced the inflated goals of the 1950's when, to suit Marxist dogmatists and meet Russia's demand for armaments during the Korean War, their Five-Year Plan called for a 380 per cent increase in heavy industry. More modestly, they now want only to produce efficiently the things Hungary can make best, and so recover the foreign markets which, lacking nearly all natural resources, it cannot do without.

A less demanding population might put up with this patiently. The Hungarians, who live well by Communist standards, are already making angry noises. Demonstrations against the rise in prices have broken out in Budapest and elsewhere, forcing Kadar to order numerous arrests, for he cannot allow his people to get too far out of hand.

That has been his problem all along. The First Secretary's yearning for a national reconciliation is not shared by the run of his party colleagues, many of whom he has allowed to remain at their posts despite their Stalinist pasts. They are disturbed by the implications of his New Economic Mechanism, for they believe that Communism has no room for the growing liberty Kadar's economic advisers talk about. They fear that the Hungarians, already spoiled by his forbearance, are entirely too likely to prove their point.

Constructive Stoicism

But true representative institutions in Hungary are a long way off. The party, certainly, is no forum. "They don't ask for my opinion," a typically passive member of thirty years' standing told me, "and I don't offer it." Outside the party lies a void that no Communist sleight-of-hand can fill. "We were told last month that we could nominate multiple candidates for Parliament," a journalist observed. "But only seven constituencies in 349 ran more than a single candidate, and none of them could have been nominated without the election committee's approval. When I say the election committee, I really mean the party, which is to say the Central Committee, which is actually the Politburo, which in point of fact is Kadar."

What with one thing and another, however, Kadar can probably rely on even the most critical of his subjects to remain within bounds. He has no need to remind them of the sixty thousand Red Army troops still stationed here. These troops once were used to bring an intractable population into line, and it is highly probable that if Kadar called for them they would do the job again.

The Kremlin knows it could not have found a better man than Kadar to pick up the pieces after the 1956 uprising. It has made this plain on several occasions to rival party leaders, and in return, he continues to be Russia's steadfast ally. He has kept under control any Hungarian tendency toward the nationalism that is spreading through Eastern Europe. On every issue that matters —the dispute with Red China, the war in Vietnam, the Warsaw Pact, COMECON, diplomatic and commercial relations with the West—Kadar has followed Moscow's lead promptly and unquestioningly. The latest token of his devotion is a projected hundred per cent increase in Hungary's trade with the Soviet Union over the next five years, the highest rate on record.

But increased trade with the Soviet Union will not solve Hungary's towering economic problems, a fact that explains Budapest's mounting interest in broader economic and perhaps even diplomatic ties with West Germany. Both the Hungarian public and its puppet party will have to continue to make concessions, the party to the West, the public to the East. The Russians' popularity rating has not improved since 1956, when it hit zero. But those who prefer Kadar to anybody else in sight must bear the burden of his friendship with the Soviet Union. Resigned to the inevitable, irreverent Budapest is bearing it.

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One Man, One Vote, One Dollar

MARTIN NOLAN

As one of its last acts during the Eighty-ninth Congress, the Senate passed the Foreign Investors Tax Act of 1966, a drab title for a gaudy vehicle that eventually became known as the Christmas-tree bill. The bill was so called because it dazzled with decorative devices known as riders, attached to it in a spirit of abandon, good cheer, and irrelevance. Among its eighteen subsections was the Presidential Election Campaign Fund Act of 1966, a bauble of strikingly simple design that gave a lovely light to some political ambitions before it began to dim and flicker.

The Presidential Election Campaign Fund Act was born in the Senate on October 12, 1966. Just six months later, on April 13, the Senate established a record for speed in afterthought and repealed it. It then had second thoughts about its second thoughts and became immersed in adding more riders to another tax bill, an endeavor that would, according to one Senator, "dwarf last year's Christmas tree."

According to its sponsor, Senator Russell B. Long (D., Louisiana), the act would make the 1968 Presidential contest "the first election in which neither side had to bend the knee to big money." The Long Act, as he referred to it, provided for a box on each citizen's tax return; by checking it, the taxpayer would agree to have one dollar of his taxes put into a general fund to pay campaign expenses for the Presidential nominees of parties that had received more than five million votes in the previous Presidential election. Depending on the generosity of taxpayers, the total kitty could reach $60 million.

Huey Long's son spoke of "big money" as the major obstacle to every man's kingly ambition. The country needs, he said, a simple "one-man, one-vote, one-dollar proposal." "The ancient American dream that every humble mother's son could be President has been clouded by the power of big money. That cloud must be removed," he declared, citing two sources of potential leadership: "If I had my way, the chance to lead our people would exist even for a foundling abandoned in the bulrushes, or for a baby born in a manger."

Rolling the Log

As chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Long attached his plan in October to a tax bill that the President was unlikely to veto. The basic bill, designed to ease the path of foreign investors in American stocks and bonds, was also festooned with tax sugarplums for hearse manufacturers, harvesters of clams and oyster shells, sewer-pipe makers, and others deemed deserving of Congressional largesse. Long explained the exercise later in a Senate seminar on logrolling: "The base for the 'Christmas tree' bill was started in just this type of situation: A Senator would come to me with an amendment. . . . I would say to him, '. . . please hold off for a while. I promise that at a subsequent date we will find a bill which I am sure the President will sign and to which you can offer an amendment.' "

Senator Albert Gore (D., Tennessee) filibustered for two days against the Long bill, warning against the Constitutional precedent of allowing taxpayers to do their own appropriating and arguing that if public funds were needed to lessen the influence of big contributions, they were needed far more urgently on the state and local levels. The final bill, of which foreign investors were by then only incidental beneficiaries, was passed by the Senate on the last day of the session, 31-22.

Four environmental factors aided Long's initial victory. First was the fervor of his own commitment to the idea, a fervor not easily overlooked, since Long is not only the Finance Committee chairman but also Assistant Majority Leader. Second was the vote's timing; it came at the climax of an election campaign, when many Senators were away seeking re-election and those present were feeling pangs of sympathy that could be soothed by throwing millions of dollars at a prime campaign problem. This sentimental gesture was aided by a third factor, the rush to adjournment. The fourth factor was the President; as Long foresaw, he signed the bill on November 13 and, far from protesting the implication that his office was most likely to "bend the knee to big money," he praised the Long approach as "the ideal way in a free country."

Seen from the White House, a ready-made fund would indeed be ideal, both in saving time and energy during a campaign and in giving a national committee something to do in the off years. Freed from the necessities of planning deficit dinners and worrying about paying the rent, a national committee could become the active seeker of better candidates throughout the country. If a national chairman were saintly enough not to succumb to the temptation to enforce political loyalty, he would probably still feel the duty to encourage ideological harmony. National parties would no longer be sporadic ententes but full-time, well-heeled juggernauts.

Senators Gore and John J. Williams (R., Delaware) were not impressed by these possibilities or the biblical ones cited by Long. They set about early this session to repeal the Long Act, choosing the same route by which it had been passed—a rider on a bill supported by the administration and expected to pass. This was the bill to restore the seven per cent investment credit, which was of primary importance to administration plans for the economy. By a series of parliamentary maneuvers involving amendments and substitute amendments, Gore and Williams forced the Senate to choose between repealing the Long Act or allowing it to become law on July 1.

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Lined up behind Gore and Williams—and against Long and the White House, which lobbied strongly for retention of the act—was one of the Senate's most curious coalitions. It was composed of thirty-three Republicans—all the party's Senators except Thruston Morton of Kentucky, a former national chairman (Long ascribed this opposition to the "four times greater" ease with which the G.O.P. finances its campaigns)—and fifteen Democrats, including supporters of the President, Southern allies of Long, and the two Kennedys. Senator Robert F. Kennedy (D., New York), whose aims in Presidential politics are approved by few in the Senate but whose prowess in that field is respected by most, spoke during the debate on repeal, suggesting that whatever the White House might think, the idea was less than "ideal" for candidates who happened to be out of favor with the national committee. He cited his own experience: "I was close to the national chairman in 1960 [the late Paul Butler of Indiana, often accused of favoritism toward John F. Kennedy]; and if he had controlled $30 million, there would have been no competition across the country. There would have been no contest." Of the twenty-three Democrats up for reelection next year with President Johnson, eight voted against the idea of giving the President a tax-supported base for financing his campaign.

Power and Wealth

During debate, Long, in urging the Senate not "to run roughshod over this Senator," said he could offer no courtesies as Finance Committee chairman to those who would vote against him. Appealing to his fellow committee chairmen, he made a similar threat, saying he would not "feel inclined to accord to other committee chairmen courtesies which they decline to show me." Five committee chairmen voted against him.

The debate was speckled with *ad hominems*. Waving his finger under Robert Kennedy's nose, Long said: "There are some who are interested in preserving the power of great wealth in this country, and not yielding one iota." Vice President Humphrey, who was presiding, did not escape involvement, for Long recited the tale of Humphrey's impoverishment during the 1960 West Virginia primary in which he ran against John Kennedy. Long also claimed the support of Richard E. Neustadt, director of the Kennedy Institute of Politics at Harvard, and described him as "the man that was hired by the Kennedy Foundation to advise the Kennedys." To summarize his case, Long called on Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Connecticut), who noted that "The lack of personal wealth and the unwillingness to sacrifice principles for campaign contributions frequently combine to discourage some of our finest citizens from running for public office." If the choice of Dodd was made to tug at the Senate's heartstrings, it did not succeed. Dodd was not allowed to finish his speech because of time limitations.

After the first defeat, by a vote of 48-42, Long promised to revive his bill, thus ensuring more public attention to election financing. As the debate continues the burden will be on Gore and his allies to produce a bill balancing the needs of *all* candidates with those of the public. It is an immensely complex job and increasingly so in an age of proliferating "campaign consultants"—professional firms offering polling, advertising, public-relations, and other Svengalian arts to any candidate for a price.

In 1956, Gore sent to the Senate a report stating, "The need for remedial legislation in the field of Federal elections is imperative and immediate."

It still is.

The Merchant Doctors

JUDITH RANDAL

From January to early March, the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee headed by Senator Philip A. Hart (D., Michigan) heard testimony that a sizable minority of American doctors augment their professional fees with high profits from the sale of remedies they prescribe. The subcommittee hearings were held to determine whether such merchandising by doctors constitutes a restraint of trade and whether legislation is needed to bring it to a halt. Although the answers to those questions may at first seem self-evident, medical societies have stymied reform for years with the argument that anything that impinges on the doctor's freedom to decide what "is right and good for his patients" can detract from patient care. The matter had best be left, they claim, to the "higher ethic" of the medical profession itself.

This is the third time that Senator Hart, who has succeeded the late Senator Estes Kefauver as a champion of the consumer, has held hearings to convince his subcommittee that the vigilance of local medical societies is inadequate. Four members of the subcommittee are conservatives who may be expected to oppose Hart's bill, S. 260, which was introduced in January. The four members who fall outside this category—Edward M. Kennedy (D., Massachusetts), Thomas J. Dodd (D., Connecticut), Edward V. Long (D., Missouri), and Hiram L. Fong (R., Hawaii)—have given no indication how they will vote when the bill comes before them in the next few weeks.

In lifting its long-standing specific prohibition against the sale of drugs by doctors, the American Medical Association in 1957 ruled that doctors might sell drugs "when it is in the best interest of the patient." According to one witness heard by the subcommittee, Blue Carstenson of the National Farmers Union, as many as one-fifth of the approximately 190,000 American doctors engaged in private practice have interpreted this to mean that they can use the power to prescribe in order to supplement their own incomes. Senator Hart's bill "is not

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intended," he says, "to malign the vast majority of doctors who day in and day out do serve their patients in exactly the way we all respect. [It] is simply a legislative treatment of the ethic the American Medical Association had until 1955. . . ."

Loading the Dice

Because of the increase in group practice, many pharmacies are now housed in clinic buildings owned by doctors. According to an estimate made by the National Association of Retail Druggists, there are now about three thousand such pharmacies—twice as many as six years ago. They commonly are either owned outright by the clinic's doctors or pay for the privilege of a monopoly by giving the doctors a kickback in the form of inflated rent. The clinic doctor then either phones the pharmacy on a direct line to give his prescription or writes the name of the drug in a code that only that pharmacist can interpret. Moreover, an investigation of the drug bills of patients on welfare in Louisiana led to the discovery that doctors who had an interest in a drugstore wrote twice as many prescriptions as those who had none. And where the average pharmacist-owned drugstore makes a profit of about ten per cent on drugs, the Illinois Pharmaceutical Association discovered that one small-town doctor-owned drugstore took a thirty per cent profit.

Some doctors, witnesses asserted, buy stock in a drug-repackaging firm or organize one of their own. The products of these firms, like the so-called private-label comestibles, are identical to nationally known brands and are made by the same manufacturers, but when repackaged they can sell for less. Unlike the retail grocer, however, the doctor has an assured market: the prescription must be filled exactly as he orders. With a captive purchaser, the mark-up can go as high as 2,500 per cent. The greediest of the greedy minority, of course, can and do profit twice over by owning a drugstore *and* an interest in a repackaging firm.

The fact that doctor-stockholders are eager prescribers of their own brand of medicine is not solely a question of the "higher ethic." In a study conducted by M. J. Myers, an assistant professor at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science, among doctor-owners of four out of five small repackaging firms that marketed penicillin in one city, prescriptions for penicillin products were eight times as high as among doctors in "a closely matched control group." "Although penicillin is still a valued therapeutic agent," Professor Myers told the subcommittee, "the rate at which the physician-owners employed it does not appear consonant with sound medical practice and evidences a danger to the public health."

Another subcommittee witness, I. Philip Sipset of New York, who is a lawyer for Local 408 of the United Optical Workers Union, testified to the existence of an organization for doctors' economic education that showed ophthalmologists how to make a cool extra $24,000 a year by selling glasses to patients. Dr. Marc Anthony, an eye doctor from Spokane, Washington, who has joined in a lawsuit against a group of his fellow practitioners and claims that they exploit their patients by selling them eyeglasses they don't need, testified that for almost twenty years, "until the government put an end to the racket in 1951, I accepted kickbacks from optical companies, as did every other eye man" in the state. Dr. Anthony estimates that his kickback income amounted to about a thousand dollars a month. The loss of that extra money—which doctors did nothing to solicit—has turned an estimated fifty per cent of the ophthalmological profession into salesmen of eyeglasses from their own stocks. According to testimony from the head of a New York optical firm, they may charge "twice as much or even more" than an independent optician would, and, if they want to enrich themselves still more, may even dispense flawed lenses bought wholesale at reduced prices.

Those ophthalmologists who defended the doctor as seller of eyeglasses found it difficult to have things both ways at the Hart hearings, for part of the doctors' defense consisted of their claim to special competence and part to the claim that there isn't much skill involved anyway in the dispensing of eyeglasses. One of their number, Chester J. Black of Elmhurst, Illinois, put forth the motion that "we're in the personal service business" and added gallantly, "If it will make some old lady feel better to have me bend her frames, why, that's part of my job." Whatever the merits of this point of view, it became abundantly clear as the hearing went on that it was widely adopted only after the Justice Department obtained a consent decree in 1951 barring rebates to doctors from manufacturers of optical goods.

ALTHOUGH the American Medical Association and other smaller medical groups are fighting Senator Hart's bill to prohibit doctors from owning drugstores, from having a financial interest in repackaging firms, and from dispensing eyeglasses, many individual doctors have testified on behalf of the bill and many more have written the Senator in support. The AMA insists that it is qualified to clean its own house, but many doctors within its ranks do not believe that medical men have proved to be the most dispassionate judges of others within the profession. Testimony before Senator Hart's subcommittee seems to bear them out. Asked by Senator Hart what had been done about some 130 doctor-owned repackaging firms that had been brought to the AMA's attention during the hearings he held in 1964, the AMA's Director of Medical Ethics, Edwin J. Holman, said that his department had written each state society concerned a letter and then, having received no reply, let the matter drop. By the way of further explanation he added that in the case of Carrtone Laboratories, a New Orleans drug repackager with hundreds of doctor shareholders, the value of the stock had declined precipitously, making it financially unwise for the doctors to sell their interests until the market improved.

Senator Hart's rejoinder was brief but to the point. He wondered aloud whether bookkeeping and ethics had not become confused. As one thinks back on all the testimony given during the weeks of hearings, that seems to sum it up.

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Franco's Restive Workers

ALVIN ROSENFELD

MADRID

ONE AFTERNOON last January, workers at the Barreiros auto factory a few miles outside Madrid ended the day shift and boarded company busses for the customary free ride to a city transportation hub. The loaded busses drove through the gates of the plant and started off toward the capital. But they were forced to stop by some forty workers standing in the middle of the road.

The workers on the busses quickly got the point. They poured out, lined up three or four abreast, and marched in orderly fashion into Madrid. They carried no banners and shouted no slogans on their thirty-minute march, but Madrileños understood what was happening. The Barreiros workers had been campaigning for higher wages, better working conditions, and a free trade union to replace the government-controlled *sindicatos*. The bus boycott—an unauthorized and therefore illegal demonstration—was meant to show the government of Francisco Franco that they were serious.

This was a small and obviously spur-of-the-moment demonstration, for the police, who are usually kept informed by tipsters within the factories, were caught by surprise and failed to head it off. It was one of many such demonstrations in recent months—day-long sit-ins, thirty-minute strikes, marches, production slowdowns, gatherings in public squares. All were violations of the law in authoritarian Spain and all, beyond doubt, were organized by the new Comisiones Obreras (Workers' Commissions).

The commissions themselves are illegal, since the state recognizes the *sindicatos* as the sole instruments of labor-management-state relations. The commissions are hampered by a wide variety of measures available to the régime, including arrest, loss of job, and constant surveillance. Really nothing more than informal leadership groups, the commissions are amazingly effective in organizing factories throughout Spain, pulling off strikes involving thousands of workers and demonstrations requiring the co-ordinated effort of men in factories miles apart. In one large Madrid factory two employees, both commission members, can lure all the other workers from the benches simply by passing the word.

Unorganized for Effect

The Workers' Commissions represent the first successful self-organized efforts by labor in Spain since the end of the civil war in 1939, when workers and managers were herded into the *sindicatos* by the victorious régime of Generalissimo Franco. There were labor rumblings in the 1940's and 1950's, but the government beat down every attempt at strike or protest. The atmosphere began to change after Spain adopted a stringent but sensible economic-stabilization program that brought an industrial boom in the 1960's. New factories arose, workers deserted the land and flocked to the cities, the middle class increased in size and wealth, and a consumer economy developed. The régime, seeking labor peace for the sake of the development plan, eased its repressive policies just a bit.

It was in this period that the first Workers' Commissions were formed. Workers in Madrid claim that the first "permanent" group was born almost by accident in the capital in 1964. They say that one day some two hundred angry workers went to the offices of the provincial metalworkers' syndicate to complain about wages and working conditions. Until then no delegation of such size had ever thought of entering the offices of the syndicates. A bureaucrat, flustered, reacted with words to this effect: "You're far too many. Go back to your factory and choose a committee to represent you. I will be willing to meet with that committee." That hasty idea, of course, clashed with the syndicate order of things. But the workers took the bureaucrat at his word and formed an illegal committee outside the syndicate.

The idea spread rapidly. Committee members soon learned that the way to combat a highly organized bureaucratic régime was to have virtually no organization at all. Even today the Workers' Commissions have no offices, not even clandestine ones. They have no officialdom, no secretaries, no files. The commissions in various cities are linked only by a "committee of correspondents" which, to avoid detection by Franco's police, meets but rarely. Direct participation in commission work is deliberately limited.

In the Workers' Commissions today there are Socialists, a few anarchists, and a number of Left Falangists, the sad remnants of that bold idealistic branch of the Falange which sought social revolution in the 1930's but got Franco and bureaucracy. The strongest elements, however, are the Communists, who

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were probably the first to recognize the potential value of the commission idea, and the Catholic labor movement. By far the most important Catholic body in this area is Catholic Action, with its nationwide networks of labor, working youth, and women's affiliates. More and more in recent years, despite the Catholic hierarchy's continuing support of Franco, the organs of Catholic Action have been involved in semi-political activity not always to the régime's liking and have been taking stands on a variety of delicate internal issues. The hierarchy, under government pressure, periodically tries to reorient the work of such lay bodies but with little effect.

Relations between the various political groups within the commissions are inevitably uneasy, and members are susceptible to mutual suspicion. No matter what their political views, however, all of them are united in opposition to the régime, and all face the same dangers and the same harsh prison terms if their roles are exposed. Thus they share a protective instinct.

SPAIN'S economic boom has just barely touched the working class. The workers have begun to accumulate consumer goods—motorbikes, perhaps, or gas cooking stoves. But the boom that created a new and conspicuous middle class of white-collar workers and entrepreneurs has not given the working class true prosperity. Forests of TV antennas now crown workers' quarters, but the quarters themselves are often slums. The workers purchase on the installment plan, but the inflation that has accompanied the boom eats into their wages, making it ever harder to pay the installments.

These increasing economic pressures, as well as abstract ideas about economics and democracy, have stimulated the growth of the commissions. I asked three men active in the commissions why they sought to replace the syndicates with western-style trade unions. One replied, "They are an economic necessity, but I also recognize the ideological justifications." The second said, "I know we will get more through free unions." The third said, "Our situation is bad. We work long hours and get low wages. We want to better ourselves. But we know this is not possible without free unions, without democracy."

A clandestine leaflet printed on cheap paper and entitled "*Declaración de las Comisiones Obreras de Madrid*" is more militant: "The present syndicate structures are the opposite of a class syndicate [union] and are at the service of the state administration and the economic interests of the employers. . . . The workers are the dispossessed, those who receive the leftovers of an unjust social-economic system. . . . The system established in Spain is capitalistic, monopolistic, and oligarchical. . . . The Workers' Commissions

[are] the unified and autonomous movement of the working class in this moment of its evolution." Such incendiary words are in keeping with Spanish tradition and should be taken with a grain of salt. The commissions are *not* planning revolution. They realize that they do not have the staying power or organization for sweeping action, that the state's police are too powerful to be challenged in bold action, that the majority of their supporters are interested not in revolution but in bread-and-butter issues and in a slow, step-by-step evolution to a somewhat freer society.

A Time to Tinker

If the commissions were born in a period of tentative change, they had their greatest development last year during a time of so-called liberalization. It was the year of Franco's seventy-fourth birthday, and his slow-moving preparations for the succession took on new importance. The country and people he ruled had changed greatly since 1939. Spain was no longer isolated from the world and its ideas—a horde of tourists equivalent to half Spain's population descended on the country each year, and young Spaniards by the hundreds of thousands were off working in Western Europe and coming into contact with such unfamiliar institutions as free trade unions. Some change was necessary. But the régime had no desire to transform its structure. Instead it chose to tinker.

The first step in the "liberalization" process was the Press Law, which went into effect last April. The law lifted direct censorship and provided, as the Information Minister aptly put it, "Liberty compatible with public order." It had clear limitations, but the press began using it in a gingerly way, printing careful stories on current problems and mild discussions of the vague post-Franco era to come. Then in November, Franco announced the long-awaited Organic Law or constitutional reform. Its thousands of words provided for the most cautious of reforms, the boldest of them being popular election of about one-fifth of the membership of the Cortes (Parliament) without the participation of political parties and their "anarchical dialogue." And in December, the régime held a referendum on the Organic Law that was exciting by Spanish standards even though it was preceded by a campaign in which the opposition was silenced and the government's powerful propaganda machine had the field to itself.

In the midst of these actions, the Workers' Commissions made a significant decision to attempt to penetrate the official syndicates by means of the election of shop stewards. The various clandestine opposition forces, viewing the syndicates as puppets of the régime, had ignored such elections as tainted and worthless. But last fall the commissions put up candidates. Their campaigns were covert; barred from distributing leaflets or haranguing the workers, they cam-

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paigned mainly by word of mouth. The commission men did extremely well. Nationwide they captured perhaps sixty per cent of the seats; in some factories they took ninety or even a hundred per cent. Even though representatives on two higher levels of the workers' branch of the syndicate system are chosen in more complex elections that the top syndicate leaders can influence in various ways, the commission men won a number of positions.

In the mildly exhilarating post-referendum period early this year, the Workers' Commissions held their biggest demonstrations as well as many small ones like the bus boycott at the Barreiros factory. The régime, faced with the old problem of authoritarian governments that the mildest liberation can stimulate an appetite for more, hesitated and then reacted. Demonstrating students had the schools closed in their faces. The Cortes's Justice Commission approved amendments to the Penal Code that in effect weakened the new Press Law. And police pressures on Workers' Commission members increased considerably. An important member in Madrid, for example, was arrested on eight-month-old charges. Management in strategic plants, with apparent syndicate encouragement, began firing commission men among their employees. The Supreme Court went through the formality of declaring the Workers' Commission of Bilbao illegal. Word spread that the syndicates were attempting to identify and oust the commission men who had been elected to syndicate posts last fall.

The Catholic hierarchy, reflecting the régime's mood, disciplined Catholic Action and put it under close supervision of the conservative Episcopal Commissions. But it is not always easy to turn back the clock, even in the Spanish Church. Only a week after the hierarchy's move, José María Cardinal Bueno y Monreal of Seville issued a blunt pastoral letter praising the efforts of Catholic Action and other Catholic lay bodies among the workers and saying they "deserve all esteem and support." In a remarkable statement for a Spanish cleric, he admitted that no more than ten per cent of Spain's workers attend church regularly. Their alienation, the Cardinal said, resulted from their "conviction that the Church has not entered their lives" and instead is closely linked with those groups whom the workers "blame for their unjust situation." The workers "reproach a society which, calling itself Christian, evades giving an answer to their demands." He added that the workers' irreligion could be traced to the "scandalous social conduct of many Christians," making clear that he was referring to the middle and upper classes. That the statement went far beyond Cardinal Bueno y Monreal's usual tepid liberalism was an indication of labor's growing importance in Spain.

The Same Difference

Still open is the question of how the régime can implement the provisions of the Organic Law without whetting democratic appetites anew. It is evident, by now, however, that the liberalization will be less liberal than it seemed at first and that Franco intends to keep Francoism in post-Franco Spain.

Over the years, he has been careful to include in his cabinet representatives of the various acceptable political forces, thereby boxing them in. His present cabinet includes young "moderates" and old "hard-liners," no-compromise Falangists and relatively "liberal" Catholics. The moderates within the régime are just that—within the régime; they accept its basic structure and premises but wish to move forward a step or two. Even that is much more than the hard-liners want to do.

When the cabinet began early this year to consider the laws required for implementing the Organic Law, there were two possibilities—that the moderates would succeed in broadening Franco's concepts a trifle or that the hard-liners would talk Franco into watering down his modest liberalization proposals. The moderates are said to have fought hard within the cabinet, but they lost: each of the draft laws approved so far has been disappointing.

The draft law providing religious freedom for the tiny Protestant and Jewish minorities turned out to be more restrictive than the original text proposed by Foreign Minister Fernando María Castiella, who wanted a generous law that would improve Spain's image and its chances of joining NATO and the Common Market. The cabinet eliminated provisions granting minorities the right to proselytize and to form cultural, social, educational, and charitable organizations. The draft law on the direct election of one-fifth of the Cortes membership ignored newspaper suggestions that "electoral associations" be permitted to propose candidates. It requires each candidate to express allegiance to the "principles of the National Movement," which theoretically is a "communion" of all Spaniards but actually is a catchall organ of the régime's supporters and no one else.

One part of Franco's advertised constitutional reform is a bill that would end the syndicates' vertical structure and establish three separate syndicates—of workers, technicians, and employers—each under the state's control, of course. Such a law, however deficient by U.S. standards, might afford new opportunities for the Workers' Commissions to bore from within and for syndicate officials at local and provincial levels—many of them natural labor leaders who are frustrated by the present setup—to push for real autonomy in the hope of building a power base.

The régime's solution, not surprisingly, has been to postpone the unveiling of the syndicate law from spring to fall at the earliest. Meanwhile, the government apparently will maintain the pressure on the Workers' Commissions and attempt to reduce the people's democratic anticipations to a realistic Spanish level.

As for the commission leaders, they are by no means optimistic. They know that the state now recognizes them as a threat and believe that a new period of stern police opposition is ahead. But they are unwilling to retreat from the position they have worked so hard to achieve. The lines seem drawn for a long battle of wills that could help determine the structure of post-Franco Spain.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 168

by HENRY ALLEN

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DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
11 5 73 163 Face (slang).

B
199 103 77 133 207 Vexes.

C
59 151 191 149 61 Glean.

D
13 218 47 179 63 98 205 153 Cost (3,5).

E
112 45 68 120 128 181 Zero (var. sp.).

F
8 114 223 Urge.

G
165 21 27 110 Sire.

H
25 35 201 89 31 137 Abated.

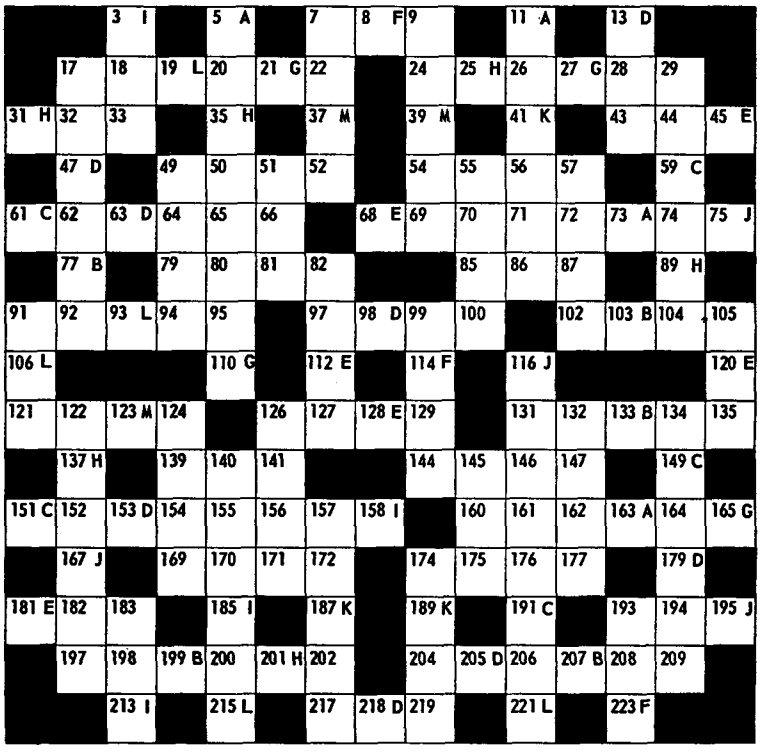
I
3 158 213 185 Morose.

J
167 195 75 116 Tatters.

K
41 187 189 Six-month stipend due a minister's executors (Scots law).

L
215 221 106 19 93 Ascend.

M
37 63 123 39 Heroic.



ACROSS

7. The writer's sty, perhaps.
17. To deem is to lower.
24. Brought out the side for us.
31. Without hesitation, R. E. Lee brought back a fish.
43. It sounds as if the home of Henry James is perversity distorted.
49. A sweet of England with no den and outgo.
54. Additions to houses of a certain length?
61. Circular function in rare surroundings can fail.
68. Titivating in very soft but grim surroundings.
79. Always true in France at five over the air.
85. You can see palindromically from Pensacola to Cape Kennedy (abbr.).
91. Did little Albert have a bee in his bonnet when he wrote *"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"*
97. Indeed I'd not a want in this world.
102. A kind of house to make a crude bed in.
121. The podium aids the speaker, I suppose.
126. Both definite and indefinite articles required by the mother of the gods.
131. The sculler who sired the Acrostician.
139. Rave about this organ when five depart.
144. A great river twisted.
151. A polite reply to "Thank you," but never once. (3,2,3).
160. Public squares in La Paz's new arrangement.
169. A walk to the other pole.
174. An oven you can link to this.
181. A king of Spain who is a kind of fish, they say.
193. A vegetable you could imitate.
197. A Greek may be a friend of Oscar Wilde—he kept his picture, didn't he?
204. Brand-new way, due to the sun.
217. Although in good-bye to all that.

DOWN

3. Harden in softening elements.
5. Called out the roll to heed (colloq.).
7. To flatten with the wrong end of a hammer.
9. More exact exactly but better better.
11. Songs of David are part of Morning Prayer.
13. Unused in the Lone Wolf's bag.
17. When you have the specific evidence, deal it out.
29. Libations or potations prescribed in doctor's ink.
49. The number I've a strong predilection for.
51. The Southern constellation west of Norma shelters a painter.
55. Sinned twice: fibbed and was idle.
57. Hurried as fast as possible in his pedicycle.
82. Creep for a short distance.
91. Help called for on Mount Ida.
99. Patrick or any other of an Irish family. Angel? 'L no!
105. Bashful and bashfully but not a full Bachelor of Arts.
116. Adept and always full of silk.
122. Beloved or dead, O happy fate!
124. Ale's used in training him.
126. Part of the mechanism for catching the game.
132. Ardor for a certain lane.
134. East deals and it's rented.
140. A kind of power that's a thousand and one to a century.
145. Prefix meaning on, over, on the outside, containing the ingredients of pie.
157. The late bitter Bruce. You need a pound with this penny.
174. Nobel Prize winner Hamsun was first and last in the knockabout.
183. Second person sounds like a vowel.
193. Is this girl a square who doesn't fit a round hole?

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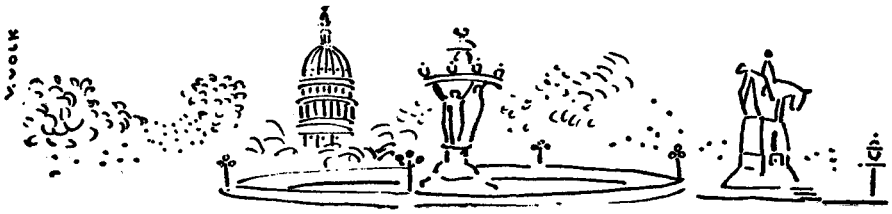

My Generation Is Missing

MEG GREENFIELD

According to the United States Census Bureau, there are 9,354,000 people in this country who, like myself, turned twenty-one in time to cast their first vote in the Presidential election of 1952. All nine million of us were also part of a larger phenomenon known as the silent generation—those Americans who came of age without comment a few years after the Second World War. We were a pretty sluggish lot, and it was never easy, then or now, to think of anything very nice to say about us. "They are Grave and Fatalistic. . . ," *Time* declared when we came due for our routine generational checkup, "Their Morals are Confused. . . They Want a Faith."

Fortunately for the chroniclers of the young, we were soon overtaken by the youth of the New Left and the New Right, teeny-boppers, acidheads, and tiny tots of every other conceivable kind whose souls were far more interesting than ours to plumb. Not that our middle years have been much of an improvement. Even as we were growing older, everyone else, it seems, was growing younger, so that by the time we were ready to achieve whatever we might have in our prime, it was too late. We were now too old to be young-and-brilliant, an indispensable qualification for the new age which had dawned and whose beau ideal had become the twelve-year-old Assistant Secretary of State. These days, therefore, you don't hear much about us, except for the odd historical reference comparing us unfavorably with the waves of young activists who followed.

While I have no objection to the abomination in which we are universally held, it seems to me that there is more to our story than is commonly told, especially as it concerns the political torpor for which we were early noted and from which we have apparently never been roused. That the most unpromising of youths can be redeemed is attested in the careers of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Sir Winston Churchill, but in our case an entire generation appears to have fulfilled its early lack of promise—why? What accounts for the persistence of that gravity and fatalism *Time* so acutely noticed sixteen years ago? What, in other words, has been the central, distinguishing feature of the political milieu we live in? I think the answer will be obvious to anyone who is prepared to consider this thing in a spirit of honest bipartisanship: it is the career of Richard Milhous Nixon.

My generation came of age simultaneously with the appearance of Richard Nixon in national politics, and the first decision we were asked to make was whether or not he should continue his political career. The question was put to us by the candidate himself in the course of an unusual broadcast, and he urged us to answer it by letter and telegram on the basis of a detailed analysis of his household budget. "Let me say this," he added, by way of making his own position clear, "I don't believe that I ought to quit." Possibly it was the first such referendum in American political history, but it was not the last—and that is my point.

At regular intervals now, ever since that first vote in 1952, my generation has either been supporting or opposing Richard Nixon. The psychological implications of this fact are staggering: half of us have lived our whole adult life as a series of dashed hopes and disappointments, while the other half have passed the same period in a condition of perpetual anxiety over the prospect that he would succeed. I do not, of course, intend to reveal which of these positions reflects my own. I would simply point out that what distinguishes us as a group from those who came before and those who have come after is that we are too young to remember a time when Richard Nixon was not on the political scene, and too old reasonably to expect that we shall live to see one.

All this was first suggested to me in a dream I had on the night of November 29, 1966. In it, there was a man who looked like the Tom Wolfe who came after us but who talked like the one who came before. He kept running around saying "O Lost" to this strange little woman who seemed to think he was Ernest Hemingway. And no matter how many times he said "O Lost," she would say, "That's beside the point, Hemingway. No matter how you slice it, you are the Nixon Generation."

My sleep is not usually so troubled, and I have no doubt that this very vexing dream was caused by something I had read late that night, rather than something I might have eaten. It was a story in the Washington *Post*, headed "Nixon Leads Poll of GOP '68 Delegates." This, as my prodigious researches have since shown, was only the beginning of a series of articles that have continued to the present time and which, taken as a whole, are more than a little familiar to those of us who have spent the better part of two decades wishing this matter would be concluded one way or the other. Thus,

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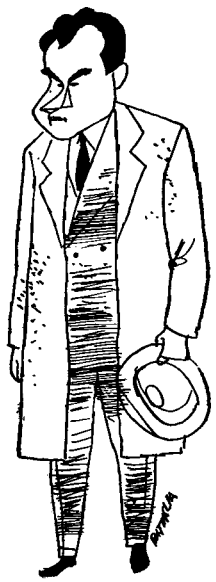
by January 23, 1967, we were reading, "Nixon's Image for '68: Moderate, World Expert"; January 27: "Nixon Begins Building Up Staff for '68"; March 19: "Nixon Becomes a Non-Running Contender." I would be willing to provide on request the news stories that accompanied these and similar headlines, but from election day on, the message was pretty much of a piece. It was that owing to the Republicans' success in the Congressional elections of 1966, Richard Nixon's Presidential prospects had brightened considerably and his support had been enhanced among the party faithful.

To the extent that the lazy minions of my generation think about these things at all, I expect they wonder why this should be. That is, through the silence and the sloth they may permit themselves the half-formed thought, What has any of this to do with the Congressional elections of 1966? No one has ever explained to us why it is that Richard Nixon's prospects invariably brighten and his party support is invariably enhanced no matter what happens—whether he wins or whether he loses, or whether someone else wins or loses an election in which he is not even running. Nevertheless, this appears to have been the major import of every election held during our political maturity, and the files I have amassed since my unsettling vision of last November disclose that while Richard Nixon's name looms large in most post-election analyses, the stories about the decisive improvement in his position do not begin to appear until January, usually on the occasion of somebody else's being sworn into office.

On January 20, 1961, for example, the *Times* found it relevant to report, "Nixon Keeps Door Open for '64 Race But He Is Not a Candidate Now." By March 13, what threatened to become a premature groundswell apparently had to be brought under control—"Nixon Disavows Any Plan Now for Presidency in 1964-68." Still, a few months later, two such different papers as the New York *Post* and the *Wall Street Journal* were obliged to take note of the same reality—"The Return of Richard Nixon," "Nixon's Road Back." In June, it will be remembered, everything was thrown into temporary confusion ("Nixon Projects Enigmatic Image"), because the former Vice President was about to turn his attention from national to state politics.

The California interlude proved a particularly painful one, both for those of us who believed our candidate had suffered a final, humiliating defeat and for those of us who hoped this was indeed the case. Admittedly, the latter group may have been rather hasty in saying goodbye, but in this they were only following the defeated candidate's lead. Richard Nixon, after all, said goodbye first, at a press conference convened for that very purpose, and then he moved off to live a life of obscurity and repose in New York. Nor did the customary stories turn



up in January of 1963, but this may only have been due to the fact that the New York press was out on strike at the time. By the middle of March, in any event, *Time* and *Newsweek* had moved simultaneously to fill the breach—"Back to Life," "Re-enter Nixon"—and the New York *Journal-American*, its labor problems for the moment resolved, confirmed the news late in April: "Nixon's Star on Rise Again."

What an autumn issue of *Commonweal* was to call "Richard Nixon's Return" was in fact his second such return in as many years. He then returned for a third time in January of 1964. A rush-and-tumble of news stories will recall that dramatic if inconclusive period in our lives. January 24: "Nixon Would Accept a Convention Draft"; March 2: "Nixon Is Still First in Minnesota Poll"; March 6: "Nixon Repeats He Is Available"; March 12: "Nixon Notes Role as a Campaigner, Says He Is Best Qualified to Oppose Johnson but Denies He Is in Race"; March 24: "Nixon Is Willing to Run If Asked, However He Says in Beirut He's Not a Candidate." Whether this disclaimer applied to American as well as Lebanese politics was not clear until May 4 ("Nixon Bars Drive for Nomination"), and even then it wasn't entirely clear (June 15—"Nixon Ready, He Says, But Not Running"). Well, everyone knows how that situation finally worked itself out. Barry Goldwater was nominated and disastrously defeated, from which defeat, we were to learn in February of 1965, "Nixon Starting Well-Planned Comeback Bid."

These are merely the bare bones of our story, and they in no way suggest the magnitude of the ordeal we have been through. The 1965 speculations led inevitably to the poll of November, 1966, and even as I write, predictions of yet another Nixon candidacy rush forth from the wire services and spread themselves across the pages of the nation's magazines. To be sure, some very canny political observers inform me that Richard Nixon's chances for 1968 are slim. These observers are all either older or younger than I am, however, which may account for the fact that to a man they have missed the point. They seem to think the outcome of these contests somehow matters.

Twelve years ago, I read a rather famous article in *Harper's* about Richard Nixon, which was written by Richard Rovere and which I would characterize as having been, on the whole, hostile. Being of a generation that is nothing if not taciturn and cautious, I would not want to comment publicly on the views expressed, except to note the prediction, which I found startling at the time, that Richard Nixon would be a participant in the "next eight races." By the old math, any-

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way, which I was taught as a girl, that would bring us up to 1988, when my generation will be, on the average, fifty-seven years old. I am aware that what with wonder drugs and group insurance, fifty-seven isn't really very old any more. Indeed, if I thought our hopes and/or dreads would be resolved by then, I wouldn't mind so much. But what is there in the record to suggest a 1988 cutoff date? Does it not seem more likely that we have been consigned in perpetuity to this cycle—or more precisely, revolution—of rising and sinking expectations? An entire generation lost from sight—first its youth, now its prime, and finally, I have no doubt, its dotage. There we will all be rocking away our golden years on the ever-broadening porches of Medicare, robbed even of our memories—so important to the old—because essentially nothing will have changed.

Certainly we will be as comatose and dreary as ever, sitting there reading about what everybody else is doing. By then, of course, the teeny-boppers will be a little long in the tooth themselves, but we shall stare at pictures of them jetting to and from their vacation places, looking, I would imagine, rather like the Duke and Duchess of Windsor do now. The New Left and the New Right won't be so new then either, but they will still be at it. Depending upon the political climate, they may well be turning each other in, a spectacle we will doubtless view with the same impassive expression we wore on similar occasions in the past. Then, one sparkling January morning, some old crone will say to me that that was certainly an interesting article she read in the paper about Richard Nixon. I will say, "What's that again, Agatha? You'll have to speak up." But I believe I will know what she said and also what the article said. There is of course one other possibility—namely, that Richard Nixon will have been elected to two full terms by then. After all, at some point in the next few decades, those of us who support Richard Nixon may be able to clobber those of us who do not with the argument about his superior experience. It becomes harder to refute as the years go by.

A Cause for Rejoicing

DONALD A. ALLAN

THE ENTHUSIASTIC reception accorded Joseph Strick's brilliant translation of *Ulysses* to the screen brings to mind a *New Yorker* cartoon comment on the spate of biblical movies. Sign in window of Bible Society: "Samson and Delilah —You've Seen the Movie, Now Read the Book." James Joyce's book, holy writ after the prophet Freud, the novel of the century, has just come out in a new paperback edition and undoubtedly is in for another generation of readers and another go by people who tried, but never got past page 30. What a wonderful experience to have ahead of one! Those who *have* read the book but who imagine that it could not be captured on film have an almost equally pleasurable experience in store.

For it turns out that the cinema, with its freedom from the confines of time and place, is a marvelous medium for conveying some of the many planes of being and remembering and imagining and symbolism on which Joyce's characters exist simultaneously. Only some, of course, for there are levels that depend entirely on the literary form. But it also turns out that Joyce's dialogue and the scenes of Dublin traversed by Leopold Ulysses Bloom and Stephen Telemachus Dedalus can be lifted en bloc from the page to the screen as if written expressly for the purpose. The film is thus exceptional and, as far as it goes, a faithful rendering of Joyce.

THE OPENING SCENE signals that this will be so. There is the stone tower by the sea with the blaspheming and buoyant Buck Mulligan shaving on the parapet, ragging the already tormented Stephen about his loss of faith and his refusal to bend to his mother's dying plea that he return to the Church. Not a word of text is changed, and little deleted. The tower is the one Joyce lived in.

Flashback to the deathbed scene: as Stephen's mother dies, her vomit bowl spills on Stephen's shoe. A minute later Mulligan's shaving bowl overturns on Stephen to make the same frothy pattern. We have seen psychological cues aplenty of this sort in movies since Orson Welles's sled Rosebud. Here we have the original, arrived on the screen years late.

Could *Citizen Kane* or *8½* have been made without *Ulysses* having been written? Probably. But the influence of Joyce on all the arts is incalculable and this is a film that will be compared with movies owing, directly or indirectly, a debt to the same source—which in effect imitated Strick's movie before it was made. It is true that cinematically the sex fantasies coursing through Bloom's mind on his way to and inside Bella Cohen's brothel, for example, are not as skillfully done as Fellini's comparable scenes in *8½*, and possibly are not even up to a similar episode in director Strick's own version of *The Balcony*. One can speculate as to what Fellini would have done, and one expects that it would have been Fellini, not Joyce. The stuff of which *Ulysses* is made is finer than the stuff of *8½* or *The Balcony*. To his credit, Strick has taken no liberties and indulged in no tricks that would upstage his text. This seems a wise course for a first version that will doubtless be followed by more ambitious ones in years to come.

This is a low-budget production of just over two hours and it perforce has limitations in trying to encompass the Joyceian cosmos. A flaw in emphasis, perhaps due to insufficient money or space, perhaps to the technical difficulties of making visual the complex montage of thoughts and feelings that swirl in the mind of Stephen Dedalus, reduces the role of the poet to a near-mute lowering shadow who drifts in and out of the story. There is an aimless quality about his coming together with Bloom, a culmination of elaborate and significant preparations in the novel. The catechism scene that follows is one instance where Strick evidently felt that it was im-

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possible to adhere to the literal—or literary—form of the original, and it thereby lost some of its force. The siren episode where an agitated Bloom indulges in a little pudenda peeking at the beach has faint but unfortunate comic overtones. There are curiously dated references to the Jews taking over England that had better been cut or altered. (The advance of time from Joyce's 1904, observable in modern cars and rapid transit, is otherwise not at all bothersome.) To pick on such lapses, however, is less important than to praise the film's rare virtues.

The invidious comparison of Strick's fantasy scenes with Fellini's is not meant to imply that the camera work that distinguished Strick's *The Savage Eye, Muscle Beach*, and *The Balcony* is any less impressive here. Dublin, its streets and bridges, its pubs and back alleys, is beautifully filmed. Especially good are the opening tower sequence, Stephen's interior soliloquy on the beach shot against a background of gull-flecked sky and shining, empty strand, and the Cyclops scene in a pub, where a collection of barflies bait Bloom about his cuckoldry and being a Jew, the camera moving from face to face to register the winks and sneers and Bloom's growing awareness of his alienation. Finally, Molly Bloom's reverie again demonstrates how apt the medium is for Joyce.

MILO O'SHEA's Bloom is gently, sweetly played. The cast, mostly drawn from the Abbey Theatre, meets his high standard. Maurice Roeves is appropriately brooding as Stephen, Barbara Jefford is as blowsy and avid a Molly as could be imagined, T. P. McKenna's Mulligan is a triumph of swagger.

The producers, the Walter Reade Organization, pulled off a neat coup of finance and publicity in releasing the film first in a three-day blitz at high prices, allegedly to beat the censors to the draw, then in returning a few weeks later with a second run at the same prices and with an arsenal of critical acclaim to mow down the censors, who turned out to be men of taste—or of straw. Be that as it may, the producers are forgiven anything for having brought us this superlative film.

A Disappearing Art

ROLAND GELATT

THAT once-thriving institution, the Lieder Abend, may be headed for extinction. Certainly the ranks of song recitalists have thinned alarmingly since the time, twenty-odd years ago, when sellout audiences would come week after week to hear the likes of Lotte Lehmann, Povla Frijsh, Maggie Teyte, Elisabeth Schumann, and Roland Hayes. Today, singers who will risk a concert devoted entirely to French or German song can be counted on the fingers of one hand. But these remaining custodians of the art are at least kept busy in the recording studios, and from them a few outstanding song albums have recently been coming our way.

At the top of the list goes a two-record set containing Schubert's *Winterreise* and Schumann's *Dichterliebe* cycles performed by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten (London OSA 1261, stereo; A 4261, mono). In my opinion the Pears-Britten team outdistances all present competition (yes, I am aware of the Messrs. Fischer-Dieskau and Moore), and to have their interpretations of these great song cycles on records is cause for immense satisfaction. Pears never possessed a conventionally mellifluous voice, and now, after more than a quarter century before the public, his singing sometimes sounds dry and strained. But these blemishes appear insignificant when set against the marvelous nuances of vocal communication he can still command. He shapes the line of a song with what can best be described as controlled freedom, permitting himself a kaleidoscopic range of inflections within a rigorous rhythmic framework. You can put down the needle almost anywhere on these records and hear this vibrant elasticity of phrase giving point and life to the music. Two examples that linger in my memory: the subtle darkening and distention of the line "Ich bin zu Ende" from Schubert's "Im Dorfe," and the tiny ritardando and hint of a sob at the end of Schumann's "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen."

But to speak of Pears without reference to his collaborator at the keyboard is to tell less than half the story, for this is even more the pianist's show than the tenor's. Britten has an unfailingly creative approach to these songs, almost as if he had composed them himself. Never is there the slightest hint of routine in his playing. The jabbing accents, the sudden shifts from staccato to legato, the carefully weighted chords, the keen sense of coloration (note the bright horn calls and galloping hooves in "Die Post"), the imaginative highlighting of inner voices—all this is fascinating, poetic, and utterly convincing. There are other estimable interpretations of both cycles on records, but none to equal the originality and fresh beauty of Pears and Britten. Lovers of Lieder will count this one of the great recordings of the century.

THE MOST RECENT Elisabeth Schwarzkopf recital is a catchall selection of "favorite songs," ranging from Schubert to "Danny Boy" by way of Schumann, Wolf, Debussy, and Rachmaninoff (Angel 36345, stereo and mono). Like all such collections, it has its ups and downs; but since a whole recital today costs little more than a couple of songs

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in the era of 78s, it hardly matters if every band isn't a winner. I would feel I had my money's worth if only for Schubert's "Der Jüngling an der Quelle," sung (and played, by Gerald Moore) with a limpid repose that haunts the ear. The record includes seven songs from Wolf-Ferrari's *Italian Songbook*—luscious, robust settings of traditional Tuscan poems that must be great fun to sing.

Another Schwarzkopf release collects seventeen Hugo Wolf songs under the rubric "Songs from the Romantic Poets" (Angel 36308, stereo and mono). It proves that even the formidable Wolf could write drab and uninspired music—surely we would not remember him if his reputation were based solely on such tiresome stuff as "Singt mein Schatz wie ein Fink." But there are three masterpieces on the record: that most lovely of all German lullabies, the "Wiegenlied im Sommer"; "Wie glänzt der helle Mond," an old woman's radiant vision of heaven; and "Der Schäfer," which tells of a lazy shepherd in the throes of love. Schwarzkopf and her pianist are at their considerable best in these songs—the soprano's soaring legato has never sounded more ravishing than in the poised "Gut Nachts" of the lullaby.

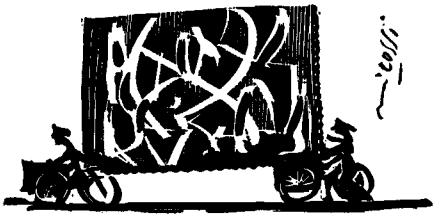
FRITZ WUNDERLICH's untimely death last fall cut off in mid-flight the career of Germany's most talented light tenor since the halcyon days of Richard Tauber. It was a gorgeous voice—bright, pure, ringing—and with it went an innate musicality that always kept Wunderlich within the bounds of good taste. These qualities are all present in his last recording—a Schubert set comprising the *Schöne Müllerin* cycle and seven additional songs (Deutsche Grammaphon 219-20, stereo and mono; two discs). Considered purely as vocalism, a more ingratiating performance of *Die Schöne Müllerin* would be hard to conceive. This miller boy is the last word in confident ardor and dulcet dolor. He is also rather boring. Too many of the strophic songs in the collection wear out their welcome before they are over, and Hubert Giesen's demure accompaniments are of no help.

Visions of Depravity

HENNIG COHEN

THE NAZI DRAWINGS of Mauricio Lasansky, the most searing artistic representation of this episode in the long history of man's inhumanity, are being shown at the Whitney Museum in New York through April 30 following an inaugural exhibit at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. They consist of thirty sketches made with pencil on ordinary wrapping paper, occasionally torn and pasted together again or pasted over with cutouts from the Bible or newspapers, and toned sparingly in thin red and brown washes. The drawings are large, some of them larger than life.

Without captions but constituting a sequence, they are a subjective, specific, and coldly furious response to the Nazi outrage in terms of the agony of the tortured and the self-destruction of the torturers. Civilians, rather lightly sketched in, shade off into politicians, the mili-



tary, and the church—all partners in a fiendish dance of death that has the curiously frozen quality of an obscene comic strip. Teeth, hair, skin, bones, uniforms, and clerical garb—documents transformed into pervasive images—raise the gorge of recollection. The main action is a hideous coupling that generates violated children. It seems hardly possible to me that anyone who was of age twenty years ago could view these drawings without the nausea of personal fear and shame. Yet I refer to their subject as an "episode" because the significance of the series depends upon its perception with detachment and within a tradition; and while Lasansky is deeply involved in the particular event, he is even more sensitive to the sweep of history.

Now that their topicality has pretty much worn away, the recent exhibition of drawings and prints by Goya at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Aubrey Beardsley show at the Gallery of Modern Art in New York, both likewise concerned with the depravity of man, supply a context in which the Nazi Drawings may be seen historically. We know the Peninsular War only vaguely. Hence Goya's French hussars and Spanish *guerrilleros,* for example, are archetypal barbarians and his pilloried prisoners in dunce caps evoke timely though chance associations with such matters of the moment as Red Guard rituals of debasement. The details of Beardsley's *Yellow Book* may have escaped us, but we know a lubricious woman when we see one. In time we shall lose our private responses to the specific references of Lasansky's drawings, whereupon their general, mythic nature and their potential for educing topical associations will come to the fore.

GOYA was an artist of immense vitality, capable of looking straight into the heart of mankind without being destroyed or even turning sour. He was as realistic about the way of the world in his years of good health and good fortune as when the Napoleonic savagery broke loose or when he turned deaf or as he moved about the degenerate Spanish court, and his skill increased with his age. He recorded the outer world of man realistically, in corrosive little genre scenes, and went on to sketch the nightmare world of the spirit. The real world included bullfighters, lovers, hunters, dancers, beggars, drunkards, prisoners, vain old women, lecherous priests, quack doctors, street brawlers, and hired killers, and it culminates in the charnel pits. He stopped at nothing, and the drawings and captions he gave them are explicit: "The death of the bailiff Lamiños. Because of his persecutions of students and streetwalkers, they gave

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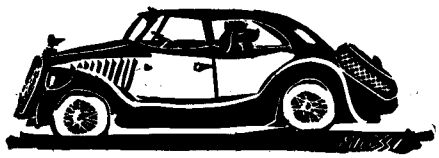
him an enema of quicklime." With terse strokes of sepia wash he sketched a writhing, faceless mob so tightly intermingled that the limbs of the victim and his tormentors cannot be distinguished with certainty, nor is it certain which is the object of his satire and which his compassion.

So much for Goya's world of reality. His deepest insight is into the world of darkness. It is an absurd world. The etching *"Disparate de Bestia"* shows in hulking profile an elephant, primordial and cryptic, casting a noncommittal eye on what looks like a delegation from the Sanhedrin holding before it a volume of the sacred writ. Another etching in the same series, *"Disparate Ridiculo,"* has some dozen persons of both sexes and various ages, sly smiles on their faces, perched closely together on the thick branch of a tree high in the empty sky. These are heavy blows but what are they aimed at?

The Metropolitan displayed its entire collection of fifty-one drawings, the best outside the Prado in Madrid, and rarely shown because the pieces are extremely sensitive to light. They were supported by a generous selection from the great series of prints: the *Caprichos,* the *Desastres de la Guerra,* the *Disparates,* and the *Tauromaquia.* There is nothing equivocal about Goya's treatment of the bulls. They



Rooming House

The blind man draws his curtains for the night
and goes to bed, leaving a burning light

above the bathroom mirror. Through the wall,
he hears the deaf man walking down the hall

in his squeaky shoes to see if there's a light
under the blind man's door, and all is right.

Gas Station

It's one of the old ones made of brick
with a roof out over the inside lane—
pumps with their crowns on, piles of tires—
beside the building, a Ferris wheel
of rusty mesh revolves with squirrels.
We hate the toilets as we stop.

Old as it is, GRAND OPENING
flaps plastic on the easy wind
and the paint on everything is wet.
While the ex-con smears the windshield
with a film of oil, we go inside
to try the cheap sunglasses.
Laughter is easy after miles
of coffee—slop and cigarettes—
hysteria is trapped in us
like a wasp in the defroster vent;
we try to kill it with a map.

The tank slops ten cents' worth of gas
onto the concrete while we show
the magic hood latch to the man.

The dusty gravel crunches us
onto the pavement, slapping song
out of the retreads. Happenstance
and another hundred miles or so
will find us somewhere, a quart low.

—TED KOOSER

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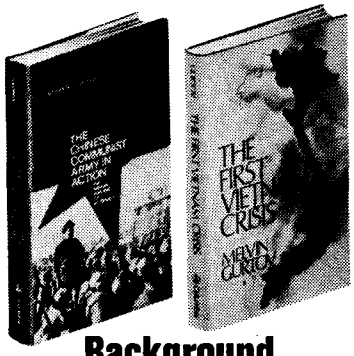

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are splendid brutes, not brutish men. Set upon by turbaned Moors who fight as a team with pikes and darts, sometimes from behind a protective wall of donkeys, tricked into situations that permit the matador to play to the crowd, baited by dogs, killed by men whose blank faces betray their loss of humanity, the bulls retain their power and authority. In one grand etching, a bull breaks out of the ring and stands motionless among the scurrying, panic-stricken spectators, a limp corpse impaled on his horns.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING, the Aubrey Beardsley show, which was assembled in New York after a similar exhibition in London, is dainty stuff. Beardsley's vision of evil titillates; it doesn't terrify. He is clever, grotesque, ironic, and very skillful within his small world—a realm of fantasy peopled with insatiable women, satyrs, hermaphrodites, eunuchs, flagellants, and dirty old men shriveled into fetus-like manikins. In short, the show is a period piece and good clean fun.

What links Goya, Beardsley, and Lasansky is an essential concern with man's dignity despite their preoccupation with his depravity. Goya etched the realities of the Peninsular War, but he was a child of the eighteenth century, and he implies that reason will eventually prevail over superstition and brutality. Beardsley turns out to be less decadent than he first seems. Though he toyed with Satanism (but at twenty-five died in the arms of the church, leaving word that his pornography be destroyed), his enemy was Victorian hypocrisy, and a significant amount of his work—the *Lysistrata* illustrations, for instance—is pitched for belly laughs.

Lasansky warns, in a note to the catalogue, that man's dignity is divine and "when a man negates this divine right he not only becomes self-destructive but castrates his history and poisons our future." The last of the Nazi Drawings reveals the torturer, knife in hand, acting out the inevitable climax of the drama. What we have witnessed is a performance in a theatre of cruelty where gesture is more precise than language and myth is more meaningful than history.

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. It usually does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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BOOKS

TranSmogrified City

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

LOS ANGELES: THE ULTIMATE CITY, by Christopher Rand. *Oxford University Press. $5.*

As the last great American metropolis settled by the westward-rolling wave of immigrants, Los Angeles is a geographical dead end. It also seems to be a cultural dead end—a caricature of the American way of life, magnifying both its virtues and its vices. More than any other great American city, Los Angeles is a product of frontier technological ingenuity, displayed in its intricate network of expressways, its pioneering smog-control program, and above all in its great aqueduct systems. Without advanced water management, the fantastic growth in southern California's semi-desert would have stopped at a tiny fraction of Greater Los Angeles' present nine million population. The region's growth rate of nearly one thousand a day has propelled Los Angeles County ahead of Chicago as the nation's second largest metropolitan area.

Accompanying a characteristically American faith in salvation by technology is an unlovelier aspect of Los Angeles' civic personality. The city's provincial frontier spirit jeopardizes serious hopes of solving its formidable social and racial problems. In contrast to more sophisticated big-city mayors like New York's John V. Lindsay and Detroit's Jerome P. Cavanagh, Samuel Yorty responds to problems like the simmering Watts ghetto with an unthinking boosterism. And Yorty's brand of Babbittry, transplanted by small-town WASP Midwesterners who have long dominated the region's stream of immigrants, expresses a relatively mild facet of Los Angeles politics. Despite their commitment to the most modern technology, southern Californians preserve American frontier principles in their pristine purity, undefiled by any decadent post-McKinley doctrines. Their real political heroes are those rugged refugees from the nineteenth century, Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan.

Christopher Rand, a widely traveled staff reporter for the *New Yorker,* which published a shorter version of *Los Angeles,* is well qualified to write this impressionistic account of life in the West Coast supercity. As he has demonstrated in previous books, notably *Grecian Calendar,* Rand has a wide-ranging curiosity; a tolerant, urbane outlook nourished by a broad fund of general knowledge; and a smooth, relaxed prose style inclined toward understatement. Though it is impossible to be neutral about Los Angeles, he shows that it is only difficult to be fair. He balances comments on the city's barren literary attainments, for example, with praise for its great universities. His survey of the city confirms the findings of more intensive, narrowly focused studies. They reveal, behind a euphoric façade, a deeply troubled city, perennially harassed by the worst crime rate and perhaps the widest racial gulf of any major American city.

LOS ANGELES expresses in its physical form the paradox of small-town, anti-city people congregating in an ever-growing city. Its sprawling, unplanned development, a product of the city's extreme laissez-faire frontier tradition, has spawned a host of social ills. With its characteristic contempt for tradition, the city gave up its electric railroad after World War Two and, having extirpated the rail network as a rational guide to development along transportation corridors, delivered itself almost completely to the cult of the automobile. (Of all the many cities he has lived in, Rand found Los Angeles the only one where an automobile was indispensable.)

The hopeless mass-transit system has forced most commuters to drive in its frenzied traffic, made Los Angeles the photochemical smog capital of the world, and, according to James B. Conant, has even spoiled the school system's prospects of matching New York's excellent vocational-training program, which depends on the subway's fast, efficient service to transport the children to widely dispersed specialized training centers. The insatiable demands of Los Angeles motorists for space pre-empt sixty per cent of the city's anemic central business district for moving, storing, and servicing automobiles. Buildings rise like towering islands from a vast sea of parked cars. Neither culture nor commerce thrives in this dull, dehumanized environment. (Los Angeles, with 3.5 times Boston's population, has only half as much downtown office space).

Subtler evils flow from Los Angeles' abandonment of traditional form and services. The miserable public transportation adds an extra dimension to the isolation of life in the Watts ghetto, where the 1965 riots made Harlem's earlier riots seem comparatively tame. Even in grimy Harlem, transportation at least poses no obstacle to a Negro's taking a job. Harlem is on main subway lines offering fast, cheap service throughout most of New York City. From Watts, however, commuting by bus to employment centers may take three hours and cost more than a dollar a day, and some job centers within the city limits are inaccessible to poor people without cars. The lack of adequate transportation also handicaps Watts residents in shopping and attending schools, according to the California Governor's Commission on the Los Angeles Riots.

The city's sprawling development aggravates the tensions between the police and Negroes in the ghettos. Even in a vast, impersonal city like New York, patrolmen on foot can learn about the community and establish rapport with the neighborhood people. But police beats in Los Angeles' thinly spread neighborhoods must be covered in patrol cars. Sitting in their cars, the city's heavily armed policemen learn about the community from the dispatcher's radio calls, which only report trouble.

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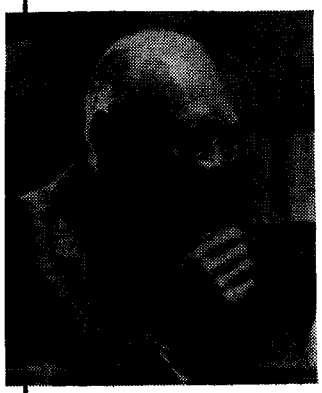
Even for the average citizen, dependence on the automobile heightens the isolation of urban life. In Rand's words: "A citizen of New York, by walking a few midtown blocks, can rub shoulders with rich and poor and experience a thousand interesting sights, sounds, and smells. But a moving Angeleno is insulated from these things by his wall of metal and glass. . . ." In Los Angeles, walking is considered eccentric, says Rand, and ". . . in some sections . . . pedestrians risk being picked up as vagrants unless they are carrying canes, leading dogs, or otherwise demonstrating a leisure-class status." The isolated, private life style promoted in Los Angeles is well attuned to Southern California's widespread racism. The city's voters overwhelmingly favored the 1964 election's Proposition 14, designed to establish the absolute right of Californians to discriminate in housing sales and rentals.

THE OPPOSITION to fair housing, as a governmental intrusion in private affairs, squares with the Angeleno's generally escapist philosophy. One of the most ludicrous phenomena in American life is the make-believe rugged individualism that thrives in the West, and nowhere is this nonsense preached more sedulously than in Los Angeles. But California gets perhaps a third of the nation's total volume of space and defense contracts, and most of these billions are spent in Greater Los Angeles. Its economy depends more on the Federal government than Detroit depends on automobiles or Pittsburgh on steel. So it is perhaps only too perversely human that Angelenos should overwhelmingly support for governor a handsome movie star who promises to free them from the tyranny of governmental interference.

Lest I be accused of judging Los Angeles too harshly, let me hastily acknowledge its many cultural virtues, which include such zesty bits of Americana as the Rose Bowl, Muscle Beach, and Hell's Angels. As Rand was told by a friend, "Los Angeles is a trend center. The movies got their real start here. So did airplanes. So did the topless bathing suit. You name it."

Rand did. It's the Ultimate City.

Experts tell the China story— a case of evolution toward revolution



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Micawber Sahib

ANNE FREMANTLE

DELINQUENT CHACHA, by Ved Mehta. *Harper & Row. $3.95.*

Great comic characters, both in literature and in life, are rare: one Falstaff for a posse of Hamlets, Lears, Romeos, Caesars, Timons, or MacBirds; one Pickwick for booksful of Little Dorrits and Little Nells; one Mr. Polly for all H. G. Wells's Ann Veronicas, real or fictional. Even rarer are those representative of a whole people: a Colonel Bramble, a Hajji Baba, a Don Camillo. Ved Mehta, in a slim novella (surely it is delinquent to call it a novel?) has created a genuinely comic character who is as Indian as Bramble is English.

MR. MEHTA tells his story in the first person. Mohan, a young Indian leaving New Delhi to read literature at Oxford, meets his uncle ("Chacha" is Hindustani for "uncle") for brunch. This uncle, who at eight dubbed himself "delinquent," was dressed in festive attire: a long golden coat, tight white pajamas, and a starched muslin turban. "My uncle was without question the greatest failure in the memory of our family." Only once had he worked—as master carpenter in a shop Mohan's father bought for him. After a week he had mortgaged the shop, lost the money in one hand of Five Card Draw, "and started on his long and successful career as a poor relation." His brothers, "according to their means," helped him. Some gave him monthly contributions; some had him to stay for long or short periods; others adopted one, two, or three of his thirteen children. "He farmed out his babies with a benign smile. . . . Whenever it became known that his wife was with child once again, his brothers called down curses on his head, for they were certain this time it would be a daughter" and would need a dowry. As the child was "almost always" a son, such was the relief that "there was more celebration at the arrival of Delinquent Chacha's children" than at anyone else's. And Chacha's nephews and nieces all adored him since "he spent most of his time with us; he was a referee at our games, a peacemaker in our squabbles."

Mohan duly goes to Oxford, and after a year or so, receives a fat letter from Delinquent Chacha, postmarked Suez. An American film magnate has hired him to act the part of a seraglio sweeper in a picture about an old-fashioned maharajah "who looks like a Buddha and acts like a rake" and who is wintering in Cannes with three hundred concubines. Alas, poor Delinquent Chacha loses the job to a "professional student" and instead gets one as porter at the All-India Taj Mahal Curry,

Chutney, and Soup Restaurant in Shaftesbury Avenue. Delinquent Chacha has always dreamed of England. "It's in London and Ox-Ford that I belong," he tells Mohan, and considers that the sun permanently set on India the day the British left.

The contrast between the sordid reality—Delinquent Chacha opened the doors of taxis and slept in a large broom closet "overlaid with cobwebs and crammed with mops and buckets and gallon-sized tins of disinfectant and ammonia"—and his dreams of being like Mohan's father, keeping a car and playing golf, are both ridiculous and sad.

But there is a hilarious account of how Delinquent Chacha finally really comes to Oxford, and how he is dressed—a broad mortarboard with a red tassel, a long crimson gown with white facing, a red tie, red socks, and suede shoes—and his tragicomic duel with a Pakistani, ostensibly about the Taj Mahal but in reality about everything that divides India from Pakistan. An equally hilarious trial scene follows in which Delinquent Chacha, after dismissing his lawyer, and in spite of having bought 578 pounds, three shillings and twopence worth of clothes without having a penny to his name, gets himself off scot-free.

BUT, like Falstaff, Delinquent Chacha is not merely comic. Mr. Mehta keeps his reader not only laughing at but also loving, pitying, and admiring his hero. By Mr. Mehta's miraculous legerdemain, Delinquent Chacha, with his nostalgia for the British Raj, his *lacrimae rerum* line, and his absurd behavior—walking the streets for two hours to shake the smell of camphor from his good clothes before condescending to meet the American film director, or writing his name daily with curlicues and flourishes, and a CMG added, in the fifth-rate London club's guest book—is every one of us "as others see us." He is a completely "round" character, in the sense E. M. Forster defined it. He can surprise us, and constantly does. (Whereas a "flat" character has only one aspect or role, and can only reiterate.)

Delinquent Chacha is not merely three-dimensional, however: he is four-dimensional. For he is not only himself, tragic and comic, poignant and farcical, but is a representative, not merely of India at a Model United Nations General Assembly in Oxford, but of humanity itself, of all the ambivalences, all the dichotomies inherent in *l'homme moyen sensuel.*

Mr. Mehta, in creating him, has shown us, through this idiotic, lovable, laughable rascal, the Janus India he epitomizes, looking both forward and back.

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Renaissance Meditation

GENE BARO

THE HAND OF MICHELANGELO, by Sidney Alexander. *Twayne. $6.*

In 1901, Henry James wrote to Sarah Orne Jewett: "The 'historic' novel is, for me, condemned even in cases of labour as delicate as yours to a fatal cheapness. . . ." No doubt these are hard words to a friend who has sent you her latest work. James went on:

"You may multiply the little facts that can be got from pictures and documents, relics and prints as much as you like—the real thing is almost impossible to do and in its essence the whole effect is as nought: I mean the invention, the representation of the old *consciousness*, the soul, the sense, the horizon, the vision of individuals in whose minds half the things that make ours, that make the modern world, were non-existent. You have to think with your modern apparatus a man, a woman —or rather fifty—whose own thinking was intensely otherwise conditioned; you have to simplify back by an amazing tour de force—and even then it's all humbug. But there is a shade of the (even then) humbug that may amuse."

THE CASE is unanswerable as far as it goes. The historical novel only becomes tolerable by conspiracy, when we choose to ignore its anomalies or are willing to accept a tract for our own time in masquerade. I am leaving out of the question the costumed adventure story, where the setting is the mere pretext for action. What I mean, broadly, is the novel that uses historical events and characters to involve us in ideas, the novel of interpretation that hopes to illuminate the present by understanding the past.

I am not certain that from books of this sort the reader wants precisely what the author is consciously giving. Why, for instance, go to fiction for insights that are more adequately, and often more palatably, provided by narrative history? There's as much humanity in a Suetonius or a Gibbon as there is in a Robert Graves. Why go to Sidney Alexander for a look at Michelangelo?

We see from James that it can't be for an objectively satisfactory recreation of the Renaissance world or of the true mind of that artist. But it can be for the sheer sense of these things, for the psychological reality conveyed in the work. Our concern there is not for what is true but for what appears to us to be true. When we read history, our attitude is opposite. It's literal truth we're after, and we deal with the historian's personality and pretensions—both very much to the fore in his work—as a couple of the obvious keys to an ultimate meaning. But in fiction, the writer disguises and suppresses himself. He aims at a release of imagination in the reader that corresponds to the release of his own. The events

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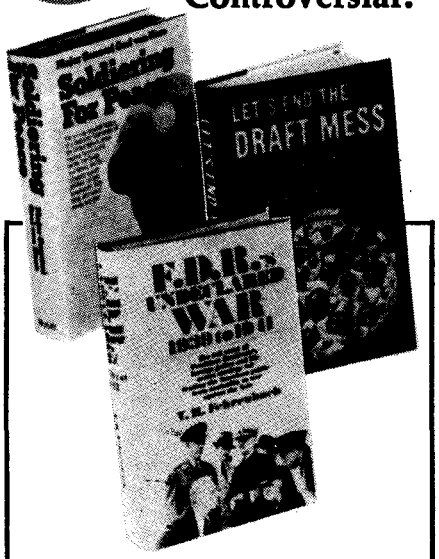

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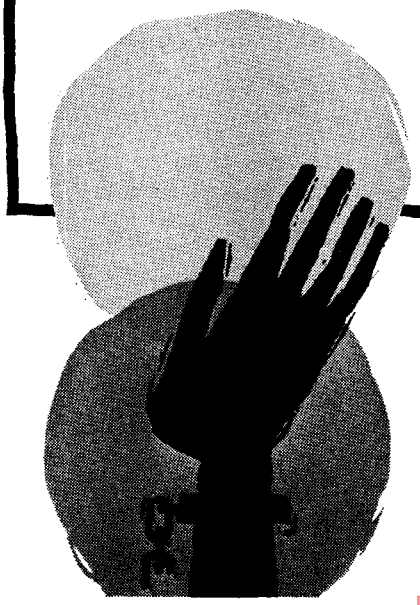
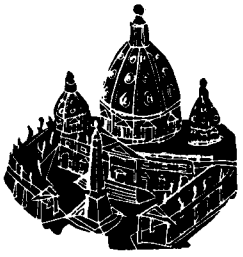


and characters of the story become mainly symbolic. They are projected as a paradigm of reality—reality that is timeless. Mr. Alexander's book doesn't tell us what Michelangelo was, but what he is.

In such a novel, relationship carries the burden of meaning. We may carp at this or that detail, be convinced that Michelangelo never had those stilted encounters with Raphael, protest that Julius II was not black and white by turns, but gray. By the same token, certain kinds of praise become irrelevant. Mr. Alexander has researched Jewish Renaissance history brilliantly, but his meticulous understanding of an enlarged Renaissance ethos—most of us know only about the Christian world—is only flesh to the bones of the book. The fundamental structure is the image that controls and unifies the novel and gives it point.

What the author demonstrates in the person of Michelangelo is that



the supreme artist is in bondage to the world, supreme only through his necessary isolation from its private ambitions and material concerns. Michelangelo is projected as the Puritan hero. He is of the world but detests the world; his aspiration is spiritual; his inspiration is creativity itself; his ultimate refuge and strength is conscience.

Michelangelo's antagonist in the present book—it is the central panel of a triptych of novels dealing with his life and times—is Julius II. The Pontiff is Michelangelo in reverse: of the spirit but loving the worldly, his aspiration material, his inspiration the uses of power, his ultimate refuge and strength received authority.

The great gallery of characters that surround these two represents virtually every aspect of spiritual and material craving. In effect, every worldly surrender or compromise is condemned. The merely great artists are not strong enough: Perugino is a sycophant; Bramante serves his ambition first; Raphael is a clever cribber, a debauchee, and a toady; Leonardo is fatally unsettled in his desires. Only Michelangelo suffers temptations and overcomes or repents them in the name of his art.

I don't mean to suggest that Mr. Alexander's book is dryly schematic—far from it. Great care has been taken to give verisimilitude to important scenes, especially where these are also historic events. The complex life of the papal court is rendered faithfully, not so much in major exposures as in a thousand small touches. The knowledge, superstitions, and politics of the times come into the narrative unobtrusively; information is never simply thrust in, in the manner of an Irving Stone.

The author's imagination thrives on the Renaissance; he is able to construct convincingly, if not to reconstruct: the scene where the Bolognese mob destroys Michelangelo's giant statue of Julius is a case in point. The attempt is always to give a full and convincing picture; the glittering panoply of Florence and Rome is in these pages, but so are the alleys and ditches. The novel is a long one, but it is all of a piece and not a collection of scenes and settings; it represents a unified vision, a single viewpoint.

Sometimes the language is careless, even lamentable when it essays the poetic. At one point, Raphael's eyes are "innocent pools of melted calculation." But these are small sins when one considers the scope and heft of the novel as a whole.

A more important fault is the failure of character to develop according to a convincing natural rhythm. Character changes, but it does not grow. Alas, it is apt to be expressed in polarities. Michelangelo's character is the exception: it is the author's touchstone; it seems to justify the Renaissance; it is an essence as precious as art.

The image of Michelangelo as artist-hero, artist-saint, dominates Mr. Alexander's meditation upon the life and values of the Renaissance. He sheds history and speaks to us, a symbol of the best in man.

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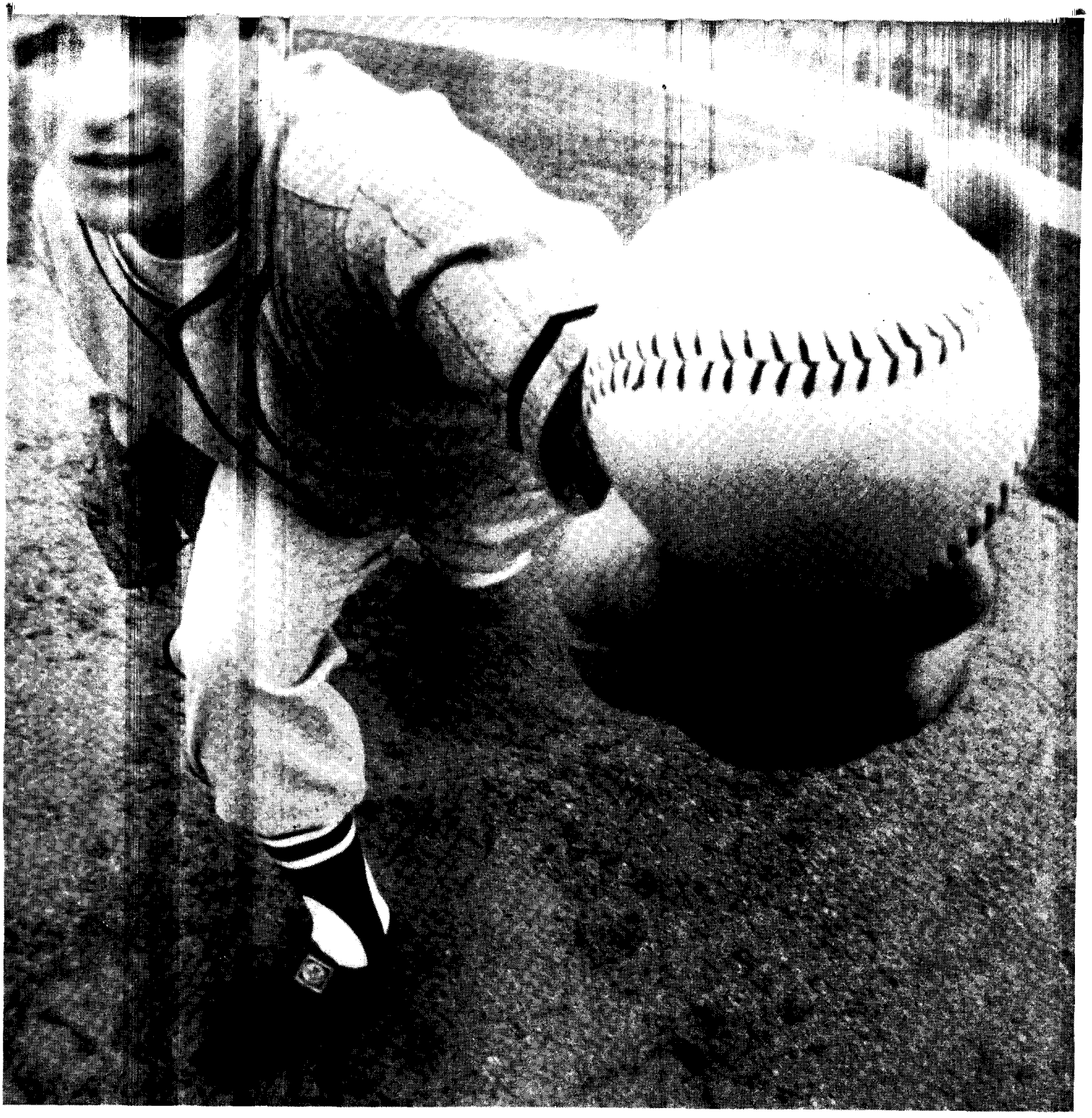

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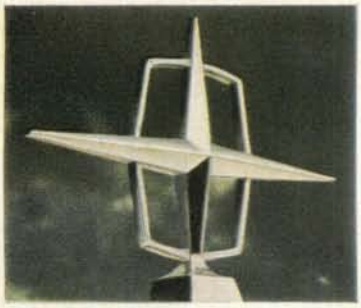

The Continental life is never out of date.

People with their own sense of style know good design cannot be outdated by the calendar. These are the people who recognize Lincoln Continental as their kind of luxury car—and make today's good life the Continental life. Lincoln Continental is carefully styled to stay in style. It is engineered to be the best automobile America has to offer. It is built to the world's highest standards. Some of the reasons why the 1965 Continental you see in the background above is as natural a part of the contemporary scene as the new sedan. And why Lincoln Continental is such a sound and lasting investment. Discover how close you may be to owning a Continental. Come live the Continental life.

LINCOLN *Continental*

AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED MOTORCAR

Ford LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Shown above rear, the 1965 Lincoln Continental sedan; foreground, the '67 sedan in Silver Mist with optional black vinyl roof. Also available for 1967, the Continental coupé, America's only four-door convertible, and the executive limousine, the ultimate luxury motorc

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